

# Sports Illustrated

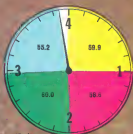
JUNE 20, 1966 35 CENTS



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RYUN**



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## Next week

**THE TOUGHEST TEST** is golf in the U.S. Open, held this year at San Francisco's Olympic Club. Alfred Wright describes how the modern pros solved an old-fashioned conundrum.

**RECORD BREAKERS** head the attack at the NCAA track championships. From Bloomington, Ind., a report on Tommie Smith, Gerry Lindgren and the other talented collegians.

**BEAVERS AT WORK** are fascinating to watch but, as Bill Gilbert points out, if what they are working on happens to be your favorite woodland spot, don't just watch—watch out.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Rich Clarkson took his first photograph of Jim Ryun in 1963. It showed a gawky high school sophomore standing with other members of the Wichita East High School two-mile relay team at the Kansas Relays. Since then Photographer Clarkson has taken approximately 9,700 pictures of Runner Ryun, including this week's cover and the one that leads off Jack Olsen's story on page 64. It so happens that Ryun has also taken a few of Clarkson. Ryun is a part-time employee of Clarkson's at the Topeka *Capital-Journal*, where Rich has been Director of Photography since 1964, and the two are close friends. Their relationship, a relaxed and good-humored one, is the sort that several **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** writers and photographers have achieved with some of the liveliest figures in contemporary sport, contributing mightily, we think, to SI's capacity to get at the truth.

Clarkson, who sold his first newspaper photograph when he was a Lawrence, Kans. high school sophomore and sold his first picture to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** eight years later in 1956, got to know Ryun while shooting an SI cover photograph of the young runner in August 1964, just before the final Olympic trials. Clarkson went to the trials in Los Angeles and was a reassuringly familiar figure to the 17-year-old boy who might have easily been intimidated by the tension and the presence of celebrated rivals. After

Ryun had made the team he and his parents invited Clarkson to join them for a low-key celebration. Rich has since done a good deal of celebrating with the Ryuns as Jim's career has catapulted from one triumph to another.

Clarkson first ignited Ryun's interest in photography by suggesting that Jim do for the *Capital-Journal* an illustrated diary of his trip to Kiev last summer for the annual dual meet with the Russians. "I had two one-hour sessions with him," recalls Clarkson. "In the first hour I tried to teach him how to photograph. In the second, what to photograph. That's not much time, but I gave him 12 rolls of film, and 90% of what he shot was perfect."

Ryun worked this winter as both office boy and photographer for the *Capital-Journal* and, despite many offers to compete in Europe, will be on the job this summer. "He may have learned too well," says Clarkson. "More than once his photographs have bounced mine off page one of our sports section."

Clarkson, of course, is being modest. Since his hauntingly lonely picture essay on high school basketball, *The Only Game In Pangloss*, *Utah* (SI, March 4, 1963), Rich has become the magazine's busiest photographer around basketball arenas. He photographed the last four NCAA basketball finals, and twice—he triumphantly points out—his pictures made the cover. Clarkson counts his records as carefully as his good friend, Jim Ryun.

We have a pleasant item of news for the great number of friends, admirers and critics that Tex Maule has acquired over the years as one of the most gifted and provocative writers on this magazine. Tex is back at work, having recovered from the serious heart attack he suffered last March; for proof, turn to page 15.



STUDENT RYUN WITH TUTOR CLARKSON

*Garry Vail*



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## WHAT'S A KANSAS CITY LIFE AGENT DOING IN WASHINGTON, D.C.? MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS

His *OWN* business? Yes. You see, his business (like that of the other highly trained Kansas City Life agents in 41 states and the District of Columbia) is bringing financial security to policyowners in his area. Nor is your Kansas City Life agent new at this business. He represents a respected company that has specialized exclusively in life insurance for 72 years.

Getting more information is easy for you too. There's a Kansas City Life agency in 80 cities across the country—and agents in hundreds of other towns. If you don't find a Kansas City Life agent close by we hope you will soon.



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## SHOPWALK

Surfers will have an easier load with  
the newly designed collapsible boards.

The idea of making a surfboard less cumbersome by cutting it in half is not new, but up to now, the problem has been its design. A collapsible board that would really work. Herman Bank, a Jet Propulsion Laboratory staff engineer working on space projects, recognized the need for a two-part surfboard one day when the boards on his station wagon rack began to buffet and sway, nearly breaking loose in the swiftly moving traffic on Los Angeles' Santa Ana Freeway. Bank managed to pull over and secure the boards, but found himself worrying about the uninsurable risk and wondering if there was a safer way to carry the sticks.

What was needed, his two surfing sons told him, was a two-part board. A 30-pound stick would be easier to carry as two 15-pound halves, one under each arm. In two parts, a board could be stashed in locked car trunks rather than trusted on car racks for the trip in the surf. In two parts, the boards might be stored in house closets, rather than in easily entered garages, causing loss by theft.

Bank began experimenting with designs. He reasoned that a joint across the middle must add a minimum of weight, be simple to construct and not impair the board's strength and rigidity. Accepting a transverse cut as the simplest approach, Bank finally devised a somewhat costly but high-strength joint of formed metal. Just as he was ready to build a prototype, he realized he had underestimated the sensitivity of aligning the two pieces of a board when it has a straight-across cut. It was then he hit on the transverse V cut that solved the alignment problem, simplified the joint and reduced the cost. A V cut is made on a standard board, grooves are then scored on the matching faces and wooden bulkheads containing male and female fittings are inserted. These interlock when the halves are aligned, and a simple pin then secures them in place.

The results were so encouraging that Bank's family pressed him to see Hobe Alter, one of the country's largest custom surfboard manufacturers. Alter was impressed with the design. He immediately opened his shop to Bank. In addition, Alter pointed out a bonus feature of the Multiboard, as it now was called. "In time," he said, "manufacturers will be able to offer surfers half a board, which, when united with half of their conventional boards, will vary length and increase versatility."

The Multiboard (now patented by Bank) is available for order through eight major manufacturers. To convert a standard new or used board costs about \$40 to \$45.

GEORGE D. MICHAEL



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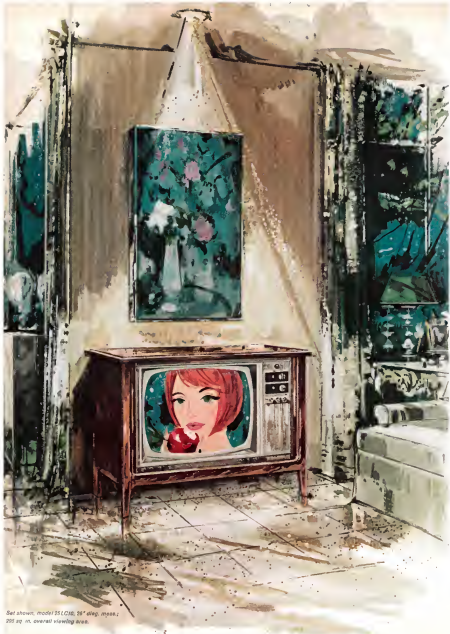
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**SYLVANIA**  
DIVISION OF  
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS **GTE**

# SCORECARD

## NOT WITH A NIBBLE BUT A GULP

Now who is it who wants to shorten the baseball season, expand the leagues, have interleague play and divisional playoffs? Bill Vecek? Wrong. Some big masher in TV-land? Wrong. Those high-flying Baltimore Orioles? Right.

"The season is too long," says Jerry Hoffberger, the Orioles' owner. "It should start later, but not be extended into October as some have suggested. The reason for a late start is valid—poor weather, causing postponements that result in doubleheaders or single games on what were supposed to be rest dates. But a later date without a shorter season isn't worth a boot."

"It's difficult to maintain interest in baseball over such a long season," says Frank Cashen, the Orioles' executive vice-president. "There is so much for people to do in this day and age. We could easily cut out one game for every team series. We could even cut two games a series, which would reduce the schedule by 18 games."

Cashen believes that much of the attendance lost by eliminating games would be made up by more fans attending the remaining ones. And the Orioles could save a lot of money by not opening the park as frequently—one of the club's biggest expenses.

"The trouble with baseball," Hoffberger concludes, "is that it has bubbled away at its headquarters but never taken a big bite of the future and tried to digest it. We've got to get away from this traditionalism to some degree. Take the things you know must come—shorter season, additional expansion, interleague play, divisional playoffs at the end of the season—then do them all at once."

## WHAT A JUMP!

The event at which public relations people excel is not, as is popularly assumed, the flight of fancy; it is the jump to conclusions.

We are in receipt of a press release from the Illinois Racing Board, which we

reprint below, and we congratulate the anonymous press agent who composed it on setting a world record in the jump.

"Francis Crosby, director of the Illinois Bureau of Racetrack Police of the Illinois Racing Board," the handout goes, "proposes as his No. 1 candidate for 'louise of the year' the young man who lifted the wallet of a 92-year-old man at Cahokia Downs racetrack in East St. Louis the other night."

"The pock pocket . . . got \$140 from the old gentleman, perhaps the sum total of his social security pittance and modest pension for many years of honest toil who now derives pleasure from an occasional visit to the race track."

## IS PEACE WONDERFUL?

The merger of the NFL and the AFL last week terminated the pro football war, which had always seemed to us to be less a war and more a fairly routine expression of free enterprise, or of Darwinism. However, "war" has only three characteristics, which endears it to those who write headlines. Ostensibly, what dictated the peace were the terrific bonuses that certain college seniors commanded and the prospect of established pro stars jumping from one league to the other for immoderate sums. (What is rarely acknowledged is that the publicity resulting from the bonuses often more than repaid the clubs that shelled them out, as well as benefiting the whole war-torn sport.) As Ralph Wilson, owner of the Buffalo Bills, put it, "The players had taken over the game. We had to do something."

At any rate, the owners did what they thought would be financially wisest and legal; and, reputedly, they are willing to spread some of the prospective profit around among the players in the form of higher salaries. That leaves the fans. Will they be better served in peace than they were in war? One immediate advantage is the NFL-AFL championship game, which will be played until 1970, when four seven-team divisions will be established. The fans have been clamoring for

that one, though its appeal is lessened now that the AFL no longer has to beat its breast. Then there will undoubtedly be 173 consecutive hours of pro ball on TV each weekend, which ought to please some, at least until it drives them up the walls. Whether live games in towns like Pittsburgh, where they weren't selling seats in wartime, will be enhanced in peacetime by the prospect of seeing our Steelers playing those rough, tough Denver Broncos remains to be seen. By the way, if you're wondering when the next Grid War will begin, it will be when the new league starts trying to decide what teams go in which division.

## DOWN BY THE OLD 6-7720-21680 ETC.

Someday soon a kid will come home with soggy sneakers, wet pants and a couple of sunnies, and his mother will say, "Where have you been?" And the kid will say, "Out." And the mother will say, "Out where?" And the kid will say, "Out fishing in 5-7720-21680-0150-095."

And you better believe it. The Federal Government has been numbering every river, creek, brook and run in the country as part of an antipollution drive. With the ZIP code, the area code and the computerized special checking account number, what did you expect?

The way it works is: the biggest rivers have the smallest numbers, and the smallest brooks have the biggest numbers. For example, the Mississippi is 5, but by the time you get to Bushy Run



the number is 5-7720-21680-0130-0120-0250. Which seems to indicate that the water flows from the Mississippi (5) through the Ohio (5-7720), through the Monongahela (5-7720-21680), through Turtle Creek (5-7720-21680-0130),

continued

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Photographic instruments built a little better than they really have to be.



through Bushy Creek (5-7720-21680-0130-0120) before emptying into Bushy Run. Or is it vice versa?

Actually, the system is needed because of numerous duplications in the names of streams. In Pennsylvania alone there are 69 Mill Runs, 62 Pine Creeks and 46 Trout Runs, but only one 5-7720-21680-0130-0120-0250.

#### MAN VS. MACHINE

The feats of computers, with which we are daily impressed, are not, we feel, necessarily cause for rejoicing; indeed, it often seems to us that these machines are getting out of line, as, for example, when they fix someone up with a blind date. In cases like this nothing cheers us more than to hear that the computer has fallen down on the job. Perhaps we are just rooting for the underdog, who in this day and age is evidently the human being.

This is by way of introducing Brian Monieson of Chicago, who works for Computer Concepts, Inc. and owns and trains harness horses. What Monieson is up to is handicapping harness races with a computer. Monieson and his missus do research on various factors—form, consistency, chance to win, speed, class, overall rating and so forth. Then Monieson transfers the dope to punch cards and tapes. It takes his rented computer 10 seconds to make the picks for the 10 races at Sportsman's Park.

How is the machine doing? Monieson claims it's been right around 33% of the time. Man, in his sublime ignorance, would have won 39% of his bets playing only favorites at Sportsman's.

However, Monieson's computer has had a profound effect on the old-fashioned, I'm-only-human newspaper handicapper. *Chicago's American* is printing the computer's selections, and, apparently, there's nothing like the hot breath of automation on a working stiff's neck. One night last week, Elmer Polzin of the *American* had seven winners at Sportsman's Park, and the next night he came back with five. Way to go, Elmer. All of us out here in the human race are with you.

#### SIDE EFFECT

Our candidate for Opportunist of the Week is M. R. Rutherford of Memphis, whose property has been stripped of vegetation and thoroughly plowed over as the aftermath of one of the most

lurid murder trials in the city's history.

Louis Montesi, a wealthy grocery executive, was convicted of killing his wife. The case involved scarlet women from Boston. Montesi's charge that the crime was committed by another man and a libel suit brought against Montesi by the accused.

After Montesi was sentenced his attorneys claimed to have a lead on the still-undiscovered weapon, a pistol; hence the search of Rutherford's "wadows, weeds and water."

It was all fine by Rutherford, who has announced his intention to build a driving range on the cleared land.

#### THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

At certain horse tracks in Ontario there is no age requirement for betting, a state of affairs that evidently distressed some delegates to a conference of the Ontario Association of Chiefs of Police last week. The chiefs, *myable durn*, heard of 9-year-olds getting their bets down, and Chief F. W. Illingworth of Hanover, Ont., told of watching a 12-year-old boy place a \$2 bet and, what's more, go back and collect \$300 in winnings. "It was ridiculous," said Illingworth. It was not clear what the chief thought ridiculous, the boy betting or the boy winning, or both, but the way we see it, if you're tall enough to reach the \$2 window, you're man enough to bet.

#### OFFERS HD HT APLY

##### HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Exciting opty, plstnt almos, some exp acc, publ contact, meet celebs, excel fringe bnfts, trvl, 3 day, 15 hr wk, to \$32,000. Write Lenne Wirtz, 1172 W. Galbraith, Cincinnati.

"There is a definite shortage of professional lady golfers," Wirtz, who is the director of the LPGA, admitted last week. "As a matter of fact, I have to confess that I overbooked the girls this year. I added several tournaments that I'm afraid will run me a little than on players."

There are some 60 golfers eligible for the tour, which begins in March and ends in November. However, only about 35 show up for any one tournament. Just four of last year's eight newcomers have survived, and of the nine players who joined the tour this year only Candy Phillips and Penny Zavichas so far have won their LPGA cards—which involves finishing in the top 80% in three of four consecutive tournaments.

Although Kathy Whitworth won \$32,327 as the leading LPGA money winner last year, to date Miss Phillips has earned but \$50, Miss Zavichas \$42; and it has been estimated that it costs a player \$165 a week to stay on the tour.

In other words, lrg bnk acct hlpfl.

#### PITFALL

There's this fellow in England, Edward Links, draftsman by trade, who is going around trying to persuade weekend pilots that swimming pools are an inestimable aid to navigation.

"Nothing," he says, "stands out from the air so well as the blue of a chlorinated swimming pool. It's just a question of getting someone to make a map of all the pools in England."

All very well, Links, but what happens if two or three chaps decide to drain their pools?

#### LAST AND LEAST

Also in England, we detect a burgeoning preoccupation with the incompetent, which may or may not be symptomatic of these times. For example, the other day the soccer team of Wimbome St. Giles, Dorset, which in 22 games last season allowed 210 goals while scoring 11, won for the second time in a year and plumped its followers into impenetrable gloom. After a 2-0 victory over a team representing London's Natural History Museum—the center forward is an expert on dragonflies, the goalkeeper studies worms—the Dorset club chairman, Charles Hibbard, said, "We're playing far too well this season."

And in Bournemouth, schoolchildren will shortly be viewing a film on how not to ride a bicycle. The identity of its star, an elderly gentleman who is almost totally maladapted on two wheels, is being kept secret. He was discovered wobbling along by Mrs. Barbara Mackie, secretary of the Cycling Proficiency Committee, after she had slyly observed hundreds of Bournemouthians pedaling around town.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Buzzie Bavasi, Dodger general manager, asked why the Los Angeles purchasing had been so bad: "I know, it's just been terrible—we haven't won a pennant since last October."

• Leo Johnson, referee for the U.S. Track & Field national meet, after Jim Ryan ran his world record half-mile: "You kind of hate to clear your stopwatch after a race like that." **END**





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# HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED

by **TEX SCHRAMM** as told to **TEX MAULE**

*The end of the costly, six-year war between the National and American Football leagues was the result of long secret talks. The general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, who was the NFL's principal negotiator, now reveals the details.*

The peace talks that led to agreement between the National Football League and the American began and ended near a statue of a Texas Ranger at the Love Field airport in Dallas, Texas. They started on April 6 of this year, when Lamar Hunt, the owner of the Kansas City Chiefs and one of the founders of the American Football League, interrupted a trip from Kansas City to Houston to meet me at the Dallas airport. I was waiting for him as inconspicuously as possible in the shadow of the Ranger's statue; at this point we did not want to be seen together.

A little over two months later we got off a plane from Washington together and parted at the statue of the Ranger. The deal between the two leagues had been completed after difficult negotiation, and Lamar looked up at the statue and said, "Here we are back at the Ranger again, but it doesn't make

any difference if anyone sees us or not this time."

There has been considerable speculation on what finally brought about a peace. Some think that when the Giants signed Pete Gogolak, the Buffalo kicker, and the AFL began to retaliate, the two leagues ran for cover to avoid spending money. Some people think that this happened because of the Roman Gabriel case on the Coast or the John Brodie case in Houston. But the negotiations were well under way before Gogolak was signed or Gabriel was approached by Oakland or John Brodie, the San Francisco quarterback, visited Houston. In fact, the Gogolak, Gabriel and Brodie cases were stumbling blocks to negotiation.

There had been serious discussion between individual owners in the two leagues for two or three years. You would hear that Sonny Werblin of New York had been talking to Carroll Rosenbloom of Baltimore or that Ralph Wilson of Buffalo had discussed peace

with Art Modell. A certain amount of ground work had been laid before my meeting with Lamar in Dallas.

I had always thought that if a proper plan could be worked out, peace was feasible. Sometime late in February, in a telephone conversation I had with Dan Reeves, the owner of the Los Angeles Rams, we explored the possibilities of a deal and tried to figure out what might be the essentials acceptable to the NFL owners. After talking it over with Dan, I called Pete Rozelle.

Pete and I decided that we should keep the early stages of a peace plan limited to the people most directly involved—Wellington Mara of the New York Giants and Lou Spadai of the San Francisco 49ers, the NFL owners in two-team cities—until it was developed further. We felt that if the NFL could come up with an acceptable plan that was good for the sport, it could then be presented to the American Football League. If they liked it, fine. If not, we could settle down to an all-out war. At the

*continued*

*At his Dallas home, Schramm explains that there still is no formal written peace pact.*

moment we were half fighting and half making love. We wanted the decks cleared.

Pete and I outlined a plan to Mara in a telephone conversation in early March; it was, in rough outline, the same plan that was eventually accepted by both leagues. Wellington was something less than enthusiastic, but he said that if the bases of the plan were strong enough so that the rest of the owners accepted it, the special New York problems could probably be solved.

Then I flew out to San Francisco to try to convince Lou Spadua that a deal could work. Lou's problem in San Francisco was a tough one. New York had shown that it was feasible for two pro clubs to exist in that city, since the Giants were sold out on season tickets and the Jets had a healthy season-ticket sale of their own. San Francisco, on the other hand, is not as big as New York and past history had raised some questions about the success of a two-team market. I met him at the airport, and we drove to Palo Alto for lunch.

Lou pointed out, reasonably enough, that he did not mind competing with the Oakland Raiders in San Francisco as long as they were in the AFL and he was in the NFL with exclusive use of NFL teams as opponents. He was not so sure that two NFL clubs could succeed in that area. He pointed out that San Francisco proper is an area bounded on three sides by water, with very little room for growth. The 49ers played in San Francisco's 41-year-old Kezar, the Raiders played in Oakland across the Bay and the growth area in northern California was there.

I had arrived at the airport at 11 in the morning, and Lou took me back at 5 in the afternoon. After six hours of discussion Lou was, to put it mildly, still not enthusiastic. But he understood what we were trying to do, and he agreed not to put any stumbling blocks in our way.

The next step was to discuss the whole thing with the NFL attorneys before approaching anyone in the American Football League. I talked to Hamilton Carothers, a member of the Washington firm of Covington & Burling, on March 30. After he and Pete and I went over the various legal and political aspects of the thing at some length by phone, he said go ahead, informally. Then Pete and I went over the list of American Football League owners, looking for the

best one with whom we could negotiate.

We wanted an owner who had prestige, the desire for peace, time to work on the problem, no personal prejudices

and who could keep his mouth shut. Lamar filled the requirements perfectly, and also he was one of the founders of the league. As a small unprejudicated plus, he lives only a few blocks from me in Dallas—which was to simplify our meetings later on.

So on Monday, April 4, I called Lamar in Kansas City and asked him if he could meet me in Dallas. He said he would arrange his travel from K.C. to an AFL meeting in Houston so that he would have an hour and a half layover in Dallas. His plane arrived in Dallas a little after 7 in the evening, and we met under the Ranger statue, then went out and sat in my car in the parking lot. I laid out the general plan for hats and he listened intently, asking a question now and then for clarification. I told him that this was not just conversation, that Roselle knew about it and approved, but I explained that only a few of our owners were aware of it and suggested that he keep it as confidential as possible for a while, at least until we resolved the problem of the two-team market. Pro football owners are individualists and competitors who like to compete in public. At this stage 24 owners would have made the discussions too unwieldy, so I suggested to Lamar that I be his only direct contact in the NFL, and he would be mine in the AFL.

I did not hear from Lamar before going on a brief vacation. In the meantime, at the AFL meeting in Houston, Joe Foss resigned and was replaced by Al Davis. None of this seemed to be too important at the time. I went to Clint Murcheson's island on April 12, with my wife and the Roselles and four other couples, and stayed there until April 17, when my wife and I flew on to Jamaica.

During this time another problem had developed. Wellington Mara had come across information that Sonny Werblin was negotiating for the sale of the New York Jets. Also there were newspaper stories that Barron Hilton would sell the San Diego Chargers. One of the early problems in the peace talks was whether the Jets and Raiders would stay in New York and Oakland. Since these things had a bearing on the situation Lamar Hunt was informed of them. Lamar investigated the stories and reported to

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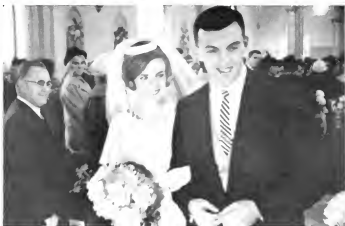


Wined by NFL Linebacker Tommy Nobis, enjoyed party at New York's Latin Quarter.



After spinning Aaron Brown away from NFL offer, Lamar Hunt signed him for AFL team.

**SOME SIGHTS YOU WON'T SEE ANYMORE**



*When Hallbeck Ron Madved was married to Adrien Montbroussous, NFL baby-sitter John Merrill (left) went along, arranged honeymoon, later signed him*



*NFL baby-sitter Meyrice Murphy (left) established joint occupancy of Earl Robert Dunlevy's Washington hotel room, stayed until he joined Cowboys.*

us that they would not affect the talks. Meanwhile, Spadia in San Francisco was growing more and more unhappy, and Pete and Wellington flew out to San Francisco to talk to him on April 21 or 22. I was supposed to go from Jamaica to Panama on May 1 for some fishing, but I canceled the trip so that I could return to Dallas and resume the talks with Lamar. As it turned out, I came back on April 29 because of a flood that nearly washed my house away.

My next meeting with Lamar was in his home at 9 a.m. on the morning of May 3. His home is not far from the Dallas Cowboy office, so the meeting was convenient and inconspicuous. At this meeting we discussed the questions as they existed at the time—primarily to resolve the New York and San Francisco-Oakland area problems, and for the first time I told Lamar how much I personally thought it might cost the AFL. He didn't show much emotion. Luckily, he is a very quiet, unruffled personality. I could not have had a better man to negotiate with. I'm emotional, and I have a tendency to lose my temper. The few times I lost it with Lamar, he simply sat quietly and never flared back.

After this meeting he said he would need another week to think over the proposal. He called me the following Monday, and we met at his home again on Tuesday, May 10. Until this meeting Lamar had been noncommittal. Now he felt any problems could be solved, and for the first time I thought we had a good chance for success. I called Pete and told him of Lamar's reaction.

The NFL meeting was scheduled for Washington beginning May 16. Pete suggested that I come to New York early so that we could have a meeting with Wellington and Lou Spadia. The meeting took place at the Plaza on the evening of May 13 at 9 p.m., and it did not go too well. Lou was still unenthusiastic, and Wellington seemed less receptive than he had been previously. I did not know at the time that he was contemplating signing Pete Gogolak.

The next day I had lunch with Rozelle, and we came to the conclusion that the time was not ripe to present the idea to the league meeting. We decided that we would approach the owners one or two at a time and sound them out in general terms. This way we could get a go-ahead without any premature publicity or a big stir.

Then on Tuesday at the meeting Well dropped his Gogolak bomb. His signing of the Buffalo place kicker was perfectly legal and aboveboard, but a obvious came at a bad time for peace negotiations. Far from triggering an agreement between the leagues, it almost ended the possibility of peace. At a time when we wanted the owners in as harmonious a mood as possible, it created division and anger. And, of course, it created even more problems for Lamar.

I talked to Carroll Rosenbloom and Art Modell, who had talked to AFL owners a year ago, and to Edward Bennett Williams, Vince Lombardi and Dan Reeves, explaining to them the real prospects for a deal and asking their help in talking to the other owners so that there would be no open division at the meeting. They agreed that the prime objective

At this New York discussion Well said he would go along with us, and Spadia said he thought it would be agreeable to the 49ers under certain conditions. But he wanted to review the entire matter with the controlling stockholders of the 49ers, the widows of club founders Vic and Tony Morabito. He set up a meeting with them for Tuesday, May 24.

I flew back to Dallas Saturday night, May 21, and started a string of almost sleepless nights. Pete decided during the next week to discuss with club presidents the details of the proposed plan, leading to final approval. Tuesday, May 24, I flew back to New York, ostensibly to discuss a club TV problem but actually to meet with Pete and some of the other owners. He set up meetings with the Rooneys, Jerry Wolman, Bill Ford, Modell and Mugs Hulas, all of whom came



#### THE MAJOR POINTS OF THE MERGER

1. Pete Rozelle (above) will be commissioner.
2. The leagues will play a world championship game this season.
3. All existing franchises remain at present sites.
4. A common draft will be held in January 1967.
5. Two franchises will be added by 1968, one stocked by the NFL, one by the AFL, but both franchise payments will be made to NFL.
6. AFL clubs to pay indemnity of \$18 million to NFL over 20 years.
7. Interleague preseason games will be played in 1967, single schedule in 1970.

was peace and they did a fine job. I called Lamar and told him not to panic about the Gogolak thing.

On the last day of the league meeting Pete told the owners of the possibility of a deal and named a group to meet in New York the next day. Its members were Mara, Spadia, Lombardi, Rosenbloom, Modell, Stormy Bidwill of the St. Louis Cardinals and me. I was expected back in Dallas that day, so I called my wife and told her to tell anyone who called that I had stayed over for the Preakness. I had to remember to watch the Preakness on TV in case anyone asked me about it.

to New York, and outlined the deal for the other owners on the telephone. Everything went smoothly until we got to San Francisco. After his meeting with the widows, Lou Spadia had renewed reservations.

So Pete caught a plane to San Francisco Thursday evening, May 26, and met with Spadia on the 27th. He called me in Dallas later that day to say everything looked O.K., and I suggested that he come to Dallas for a couple of days so that we could finalize the general terms of the plan. Pete came in that night for a quiet weekend, and I told my daughter

not to mention that he was there. She nicknamed him "Sneaky Pete," but she kept quiet. She could not help overhearing our talk, though, as Pete called various club presidents, and at one point she asked incredulously, "Mom, are they talking about peace?" My wife had to threaten her with mayhem if she did not keep quiet.

So Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with Pete working on a borrowed typewriter, we made notes on the plan, and Pete called all the owners, developing a common ground everyone agreed on. By Monday—Memorial Day—we had it all squared away. The American Football League had not heard this version yet, so Sunday night I called Lamar Hunt, who was in Indianapolis for the 500, and asked him if he could come directly to my house in Dallas after the end of the race the next day. He said he could.

Lamar was having trouble with some of his people at this time. They seemed to feel that the NFL was setting some kind of booby trap for them. For the first time Pete talked to Lamar on the phone that Sunday night to reassure him of the good faith of the NFL and to let him know that this was not just conversation with me. Lamar was delayed the next day when the 500 was held up by the big accident. He was supposed to get to Dallas about 7:30, and I was waiting nervously for him to call. Pete had gone back to New York. About 7:50 the phone rang and I jumped a foot, but it was Clint Murchison, the Cowboy owner. I told him I was waiting for Lamar's call and that he had startled me. Some 20 minutes later the phone rang again. It was Clint again, and all he said this time was "Boo!"

Lamar finally called about a quarter after 9, but we were both too tired to meet that night, so he came around the next morning, May 31. I gave him a yellow pad and a pencil and then explained the plan using the five pages of notes that Pete and I had produced. Lamar made no comment as I talked, other than to question points for clarification. When I had finished, I said, "There it is. If you accept, this deal has been approved by every NFL club. If you have to alter it too much, it will blow up."

I ought to make it clear here that Lamar and I, in all the hours we talked about this, never argued bitterly. We were on the same side of the fence, doing our

best to reach a reasonable settlement for both leagues.

After this meeting Lamar went to New York, to the Regency Hotel, with his notes. He was to meet with Ralph Wilson and Billy Sullivan there. This, incidentally, was the first time I knew Lamar had a committee. My discussions were always with him alone. I heard from him again later in the week, by telephone. He gave me a list of 26 points of differences or additions. Some were minor, some were not.

I called Pete in New York, and we went over the 26 points. Either they presented no NFL problems, or Pete took them up with the clubs involved by phone. About a third of Lamar's points were acceptable, another third were not and that left a third to be worked out. A lot of the differences involved simple problems of wording. Even now, there is no formal written agreement between the two leagues other than a few notations made by the participants.

After I talked to Pete I called Lamar. It seems a roundabout way to do things, but that's the way it went for a few hours. Pete and Lamar were about 10 blocks apart in New York, and they negotiated by phone through me in Dallas.

My next meeting with Lamar in person was on Sunday night, June 5, at my home. We went over the master plan, point by point, and we went over the replies to the AFL's 26 points and by the time we finished that session, at 11:45 p.m., there were only a few items of disagreement left. The big bone of contention was on a question of expansion. The NFL and the AFL would each add a team during the four years before the actual combining of the leagues. The NFL owners wanted the AFL to provide the players for the new AFL team, but the payment for the new franchise would go directly to the NFL. That was the way it was settled.

Finally Lamar left to fly to New York early the next morning, and that day, Monday, June 6, we were in almost constant telephone contact, clarifying points. We reached tentative accord around midnight, Dallas time. I called Pete, and he got the approval of the NFL owners by phone by late morning on Tuesday, June 7. It had been planned to appoint committees from both leagues to clear up details and handle the release of the story in a deliberate fashion, but by now rumors were flying and stories were appear-

ing hourly that contained incorrect information. Pete talked to our Washington attorneys, and they advised that we release the news in proper form as soon as possible. They set up dates with Senator Philip Hart and Representative Emanuel Celler for Pete, and the original plan was accelerated. Then we arranged to meet in Washington with attorneys, and I called Lamar in New York.

We tried a little cloak-and-dagger here, reasoning that if all of us showed up in Washington some alert reporter might discover what was up. "We'll take a suite at the Sheraton-Carlton under a fictitious name," I told Lamar. "When you get there, go right up. Don't register under your own name." He agreed and hung up.

Unfortunately, I had forgotten to give him the fictitious name.

A friend of mine made the reservation for us under the name of "Ralph Pitman." Pete arrived in early afternoon, signed in as Ralph Pitman, and then he went to the league attorney's office, where I joined him that evening. I suddenly realized that Lamar did not know the name under which we registered, so I called the desk at the Sheraton and probably created instant confusion. "If a Lamar Hunt comes in and asks for Pete Rozelle or Tex Schramm," I said, "tell him that they are in the Ralph Pitman suite. I am registered there, but my name is Schramm."

Fortunately for all of us, Lamar's plane was delayed, and by pure coincidence he arrived in the lobby of the hotel just as Pete and the attorneys and I returned to the hotel, around 9 p.m. Then we all went to the Ralph Pitman suite and worked until 3 a.m. on the wording of the publicity release. Pete, late Tuesday afternoon, had conferred with Senator Hart on the legal and political aspects of the plan, and Wednesday afternoon he talked with Representative Celler.

We set up the press conference at the Warwick in New York for 6 p.m. Wednesday, and we were 15 minutes late because of traffic on Sixth Avenue. Maybe we were a long time coming to this peace, too. But I'm sure it is not too late.

After long and difficult negotiations involving concessions by people in both the American and the National Football leagues and recommendations by our attorneys, we feel the plan devised and announced is one that the public wants. It should bring about a better and more orderly era in professional football. **END**

# THE DODGERS AND FIRST PLACE

**A**fter 36 days in the lead, the San Francisco Giants had to face the Los Angeles Dodgers, the team they worry about. What could go wrong? Well, Sandy Koufax could go right, and he did, pitching a strong four-hitter in the first game of the series to topple San Francisco into second place. The Giants, nervous every time they see a Los Angeles uniform, could make mistakes. Yep, five errors in the first two games, and rookie Ollie Brown held the ball long enough to let Maury Wills off the hook and set up a four-run Dodger inning. What else? Willie McCovey and Jim Ray Hart could stop hitting, and Willie Mays could keep on not hitting. Check: they went a collective 4 for 10 over the weekend. The Dodgers won again Saturday

and were in front by a full game. Nobody ever won a pennant in June, but the Dodgers appeared to have the Giants by the jugular. There was Juan Marchal for Sunday, but he had been hit hard in his last win and had been belted out his next two starts. Marchal was imperfect, but now the Dodgers made the mistakes—a wild pitch, a three-base throwing error—and the Giants were back in business. They looked at it this way: just about the worst had happened, and they were still only four percentage points out of first place. The Dodgers were, again, the team to beat, but somehow, even with their new muscles, they weren't terrorizing opponents the way the Yankees used to, the way the Yankees, again, were trying to (next page). —JACK MASS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK SCHAPIRA

There is no defense against the proper squeeze bunt. All Giant Catcher Bob Burton can do is kick the dirt as Willie Davis scores on Lou Johnson's perfect placement (note belt) for 4-2 victory.





*The force at third isn't even close, but Giant Jim Ray Hart gives Mercury Wills room, just in case, as he throws to complete double play.*

*Giant Coach Charlie Fox, an Irish tenor, is unmoved by an a cappella chorus for Dodger Jim Brewer's ninth-inning deer-slaming job.*



# THE BIG YANKEE TURNABOUT

The erratic New York Yankees, dismal failures under austere Johnny Keane, revived dramatically under dynamic Ralph Houk. Here is a detailed analysis of what happened, and why **by LEONARD KOPPETT**



ADVERSE BLEND OF CIRCUMSTANCE, PERSONALITY AND LUCK HURT KEANE (LEFT)

Seldom has the thinking baseball fan, or even the nonthinking one, been presented with so perplexing a situation as the turnabout of the New York Yankees in the first three weeks of Ralph Houk's return to managing. Under Johnny Keane the Yankees had lost 16 of the first 20 games of the season. In almost all of them they were listless and ineffective. After Houk took over, they won 13 of 17, pulled out exactly the sort of close games they had been losing and displayed the crisp efficiency and opportunism that had marked successful Yankee teams for almost 40 years before the debacle of 1965.

The turnabout raised all sorts of questions—about Keane, about Houk, about the Yankee talent, about the attitude of the players, about the future of the American League race, about poetic justice and about luck. But the question that people found hardest to deal with was: Can a manager make that much difference?

The traditional view in baseball had been that losing was the fault of the manager and that winning proved the manager a genius. But in the last 10 years a vast reeducation of the baseball public has taken place, in which newspapers, radio, television, books and magazines all made the point—which was finally accepted—that managers are no better or worse than their material, that their range of influence has only a slight effect on the collective ability of the athletes under their command. A generation ago the fan yelled for the losing manager's scalp, today the fan usually sympathizes with the deposed victim.

And now, just as this shift in values has been thoroughly assimilated and the subtle lesson learned, there comes the Yankee case, which seems to turn everything upside down again. A change in managers apparently has made a huge difference. How can this be? Is the old

simpleminded idea true after all? Or was Keane, innocent scapegoat for Yankee failure, victimized by an inexplicable run of bad fortune while Houk rode the crest of a coincidental hot streak? It was hard to understand, and those who prefer black-and-white certainties in sport felt vaguely uncomfortable.

And yet a very definite answer could be given in this puzzling circumstance: Houk *did* turn a loser into a winner (although it remains to be seen exactly how much of a winner it will be). The generalization remains true: managers, by and large, win only in much as their material will allow. But it is also true that this specific case was an exception.

Why?

To begin with, three constants should be understood. First, Houk did not take an incapable team and make it play well—by magic, psychology, inspired leadership or any other intangible means. No man can do that. What he did was arouse a talented team that had been playing far below its ability and raise it to its proper level of performance.

Second, Keane's failure—and it was a failure—was not a reflection on his competence as a major league manager. He was, is and probably will be again a highly capable man in his profession. But he was definitely the wrong man in the wrong spot at the wrong time.

Third is luck, always a major factor in sport and in the mental state of an athlete. If Keane had been luckier and Houk unluckier, things could have looked different and, through interplay with the people involved, have become different.

Given this framework, let's see what actually happened.

History is important, because man is the product of his experiences. And Yankee experience has been unique. Consider the key figures on the Yankees Keane inherited when he took over as manager after the 1964 season. There were three oldtimers, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford and Elston Howard. All have enjoyed throughout their professional lives a consistency of victory unmatched even by such illustrious predecessors as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio and Red Ruffing. Mantle had been on 12 pennant winners in 14 seasons, Ford on 11 in 13, Howard on nine in 10.

There was a middle group in their late

*continued*



THE YANKEE PLAYERS DISPLAYED ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE IN THE AGGRESSIVE HOUK

20s: Bobby Richardson, Tony Kubek, Clete Boyer, Bill Stafford. They had arrived toward the end of the Casey Stengel regime and had failed to win a pennant only once (1959).

Then came Roger Maris, a more isolated personality. Maris had not been particularly successful in his first few major league seasons, but after becoming a Yankee he had been on five straight championship teams and had, of course, won the biggest prize of all by breaking Ruth's home-run record in 1961.

Finally, there was the youngest group: Tom Tresh, Joe Pepitone, Jim Bouton, Al Downing, Phil Linz, Hal Reniff. Their first major league manager had been Ralph Houk, and they had never played on a losing big league team.

Houk's impact on all these men had been strong. He had been a teammate of Mantle and Ford when they first came up. He had managed Kubek and Richardson in the minors. He had been a magnet for confidence and admiration while serving as coach during the last three years of Stengel's regime. He had been overwhelmingly successful and infinitely respected as a pennant-winning manager in 1961, 1962 and 1963. And he had been the ultimate protective presence upstairs in 1964 when he became general manager and Yogi Berra, whose abilities the players doubted, became field manager.

In 1964, under Yogi, the team flourished for a while. Then it made a great stretch drive, won 30 of its last 41 games and won the pennant (its fifth in a row) by one game. A key figure was Pedro Ramos, who pitched spectacularly in relief after being acquired from Cleveland on September 5, with the Yankees on third place and only 29 games left in the season. Pedro's success only added to the faith the Yankees had in Houk. Even as general manager, he had come to the rescue with this timely, indispensable acquisition.

It was into this atmosphere—uncertainty about Yogi, confidence in Houk—that Keane arrived as Berra's successor. He brought with him one huge, perhaps inevitable, misconception, while Houk, who hired Keane, was operating on what turned out to be a whopping false assumption. Keane's misconception was that the team he was taking over, "the greatest team I've ever managed," was staffed with solid professionals at every position. Houk's false assumption was that the Yankees had a stable, superior

team. All this well-functioning machine needed was a calm, qualified, thoroughly trained chauffeur, and Keane certainly seemed to fit the description.

Events soon shattered the pretty picture. Maris, Mantle, Howard and Kubek were quickly and successively crippled. Ford needed time (and warm weather) to recover from a serious shoulder operation he had undergone in the off season. The things that had gone wrong under Yogi were going three times as wrong under Keane.

But even more devastating, in its final effect, was Keane's gradual disillusionment with what he saw. After a lifetime in baseball, he had formed certain ideas—all sound in themselves—about how hard a team must work to win, the way small tactical and strategic advantages must be husbanded, how experience leads to emotional maturity, how success builds confidence, the validity of "percentage play," the "right" way to do things. Since the Yankees had always won, Keane naturally assumed that they had always possessed these elements of victory. But he was wrong. Ordinary rules did not apply to the Yankees. They had won on superiority, on home-run power, on pitching efficiency that repeatedly exceeded expectations and on excellent defense. They had seldom been slick or prudent or single-minded or masters of fine detail. Far from making the most of their talents—which is what Keane and almost all baseball men associate with winning—the Yankees were always able to waste a great deal and still win. They expected to win, and they did.

**B**ut the constant success made individual Yankee players more vulnerable to panic in defeat. One would think, as Keane thought, that men who have won so much would have developed firm confidence in their own abilities, but defeat was so strange to them when experienced past a certain point that their faith in themselves became extremely fragile. The ordinary player learns how to cope with defeat. The Yankees did not know how.

This was the process that turned 1965, which began as a merely unfortunate season marred by injury, into a shambles. The significant fact was not that the Yankees had failed to win a pennant—that had happened before. It was that they fell into the second division, far

below .500, and that had not happened in 40 years. Confronted with adversity, the Yankees did the two things guaranteed to make adversity worse: they tensed up and tried too hard, and then they gave up.

Thus what happened at the beginning of 1966 is understandable only in the light of what happened in 1965. It was then that Keane and the Yankees really failed to come to terms with each other. Keane is an immensely moral, disciplined, polite, quiet, inward-turned person. His sense of humor is subdued, conversation does not come easily and the normal banter of clubhouse and dugout—a compound of insulting wisecracks, lurid language and gallows humor—is foreign to him. He is capable of great compassion, but he can be cruel and cutting at times. He has a temper, rigidly controlled most of the time but which, when at large, sometimes is out of proportion to the cause. His thinking is entirely orthodox, and he expects orders to be followed without pause for explanation. He tries hard to be considerate. He has high standards of honesty, loyalty, dignity and conscientiousness. The thing he respects most, one gathers, is self-control.

Such a man is thoroughly admirable, but he has one great problem: inflexibility. And the Yankees, over the years, have been about as disciplined as a detachment of elite paratroopers on leave. On the field they have usually been all business; but off the field high spirits have been the rule. And why not? Winners make jokes, don't they? Life is fun for them. They get a little arrogant, a little contemptuous of the rules ordinary people have to follow. And they are proud.

But what happens when the winning stops?

First of all, the habitual winners, individually, reject the idea that they are at fault, and they blame their failures on others. For this no one is harder than a manager, especially a new manager, and Keane got it full blast.

Second, though they need help, they have little experience in helping themselves. When everything was fine, no help was needed.

Keane applied all the standard remedies—through the second half of 1965 and the beginning of this season—but it was like giving a wonder drug to a patient allergic to it. The normal steps



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made matters worse. What the Yankees needed most of all was restored confidence. Keane could not do it on a personal level. He did not have that kind of personality. He remained, emotionally, an outsider. And his actions as a boss only undermined confidence further. To be specific, Keane watched patiently for a while but then formed conclusions about what a player could do and could not do and gave orders accordingly. They were supposed to be home-run hitters, but they were not hitting homers. All right, then, we'll play hit-and-run, scramble for a run at a time, and the manager will tell each batter when to hit or take. This pitcher (Steve Hamilton) is death on lefties. All right, he'll pitch only to left-handed hitters, and then a righty will come in to face the next man. Mantle can't run or throw. All right, Mantle will play left field, the easy field, and only in first games of doubleheaders. And he'll come out of the game as soon as he gets his third time at bat.

Further, in Keane's philosophy, a man who is not doing well must bear down harder, work more, pay more attention to his physical and mental conditioning. Keane does not believe that a man can have a casual attitude and still do his best. But the life experience of the Yankees had been that they won with a casual attitude, and even if they did not do their best, what they did was good enough to win. Keane tried to demand a type of team discipline (really self-discipline) that the Yankees had never had.

Finally, he did all these things with a minimum of direct, friendly conversation with the men involved. When he talked to a player, it was strictly business—and that, of course, meant that from a player's point of view criticism always outweighed praise. You do not call a man into your office to say, "Nice going." You call him in when you want him to correct something.

And so Yankee morale deteriorated. There was murmuring, quite a bit of it. On a lesser team the answer would have been to get rid of some players, shake them up and mold the team to the manager's tastes. But these were the Yankees, Ralph Houk's Yankees—and Houk, the general manager, did not believe the team had to be broken up.

Keane was confronted by the final impossibility. Along with everything else, the players had lost confidence in his

judgment. His "moves" were not leading to victories; his men were not being "handled right." The players' feeling that they were being mishandled was not all selfish or personal. In many instances, a player felt that it was a teammate who was being handled wrong, which aggravated the lack of faith in Keane's judgment. And the man whose moves had always seemed right was still in the ways.

All this must be said in order to clarify what happened when Houk took over. It was a reaction to what had developed under Keane. It was liberation, renewed hope, revived spirit. Much the same thing had happened in 1961, when the popular Houk had replaced the imperious Stengel.

Houk is outgoing, talkative, lively, profane, shrewd, ambitious, tough, decisive, self-confident—and extremely patient, aware of the doubts his men feel. He is a lifelong Yankee who knows the emotional makeup of every one of these players. He has a basic policy of loud, endless encouragement and praise, mixed with false-insult kidding—but along with it he knows just who needs a push, who needs to be calmed down, who needs to be left alone and who has to be the center of attention.

This is translated into results on the field in several ways. For individual performance a blend of confidence and relaxation is essential; trying too hard is as fatal as being careless. Worst of all is self-conscious effort to perform a particular movement. Like playing the piano, it has to become automatic.

Under Keane, emphasis on correcting specific flaws promoted tension and uncertainty. Pitchers began to *sm* instead of throw freely. Hitters who did not have really good bat control were trying futilely to execute the play called for. A player living in a troubled atmosphere has lapses of concentration in the field. Actions were performed cautiously, defensively, negatively.

Furthermore, doubt about a manager's decisions leads to halfhearted execution, at least subconsciously. A manager orders a bunt. The player, for whatever reason, does not really believe it is a good idea. Without confidence he tries to bunt, and it is a bad bunt. In a similar situation a manager who commands faith orders a bunt, and the player says to himself, "Yeah, that's it"—and puts everything he has into making the bunt a good one. The same is true of hit-or-

*continued*

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### YANKEES continued

take or how much stuff a pitcher gets on the ball when he "reaches back." Doubt is the great corrosive. Under Houk, who makes a big deal out of "sticking with a guy" even when he goes bad, the atmosphere is positive, free, sure.

But it must be repeated: all the psychology, rapport, attitude and morale in the world is worthless if the basic playing ability is not there. But on this Yankee team there was a great deal of ability that was drowning in tension and despair.

So Houk's first statement to the team spoke volumes. "Let's have some fun," he said. Baseball is, after all, a game. It must be played, or at least lived, with a certain amount of joy and relaxation. No man can stay wound up for seven months, the way a football player or track man can work himself up for a climactic event. For the Yankees this had been the missing ingredient, fun.

Project No. 1 was Ramos. He had started 1965 as the team's No. 1 reliever, on the basis of his work in the pennant-winning month of September 1964. But Pedro is a man of ups and downs. His pride must be stimulated, he must be pushed. Keane had been disappointed by his inconsistency. He lost faith in Ramos, and everyone, including Ramos, could see it. Keane still had to use him, and Pete lost three of the first eight Yankee games.

Houk got to Ramos right away. "The way you can throw the ball, you should never lose," he told him. "But throw it. Just go out there and really *zing* it."

Ramos saved eight games in a row during Houk's first three weeks.

Hal Reniff and Steve Hamilton, both solid relief pitchers when the Yankees were winning pennants for Houk, were in-and-outers under Keane.

"It's pretty hard," said Steve, echoing words spoken by hundreds of pitchers for decades, "to be thinking that if I don't get this one man out I might not pitch again for a week." Rightly or wrongly, that was the train of thought Keane had generated.

A week after Houk took over, Ford started a game in Kansas City and came up with a sore elbow. Hamilton took over in the third inning, with the Yankees leading 2-0. He had not pitched for nine days, not since giving up a ninth-inning homer to Fred Whitfield for a 2-1 loss to Cleveland in New York.

The first man Hamilton faced was the pitcher, who popped up. But Bert Campaneris hit a tremendous triple over Mantle's head in center. One out later, Mike Hershberger hit the top of the left-field fence for another triple, which cut New York's lead to 2-1. The next two hitters were right-handed home-run threats, Ed Charles and Ken Hershelson.

Hamilton looked over into the bullpen: no one up.

Charles bounced out, and in the next 18 innings Hamilton pitched he allowed just six singles and struck out 19 men—11 of them right-handed. He feels like a member of the team again.

Reniff, too, thrown into tight spots in close games by Houk, has come through handsomely.

Maris, recovering very slowly during spring training from his wrist operation, did not have his grooved swing back at the start of the season. After the first four games Keane decided to play him against lefties. One of Houk's first moves was to make it clear to Maris that he was to play at all times.

Peppone had not (and still has not) done as well as he should. He had been fired by Keane, more than once, for being late. Houk promptly put Peppone into the clean-up slot in the batting order and told him he was there to stay. Joe really has not hit enough to warrant such faith, although he has produced some game-winning hits, but just as important is the sudden and dramatic improvement in his fielding, which had been confused and erratic. And it was in the field that the Yankees changed most. Defense requires concentration and desire, to an even greater degree than hitting does.

The most noticeable change was in Richardson, of all people. By nature and viewpoint Bobby is a man closer to Keane than most other Yankees, but the turmoil of the Berra and Keane years had decreased his taste for baseball. Through 1964 and 1965 Bobby was thinking more of impending retirement than of playing, and it showed. Suddenly when Houk came back and the whole atmosphere changed, the spark was back in Richardson.

And so it went, down the line. The fielding became crisp and sure. The big game-saving plays were made. The bullpen, so unreliable for Keane, was suddenly strong. The hitting was still weak, but it became much more timely.



Perhaps most significant of all, Yankee luck returned.

For Keane, on May 3, Peptide had smacked what would have been a ninth-inning, game-winning, three-run homer against the Cleveland Indians. It hooked foul. For Houk, on May 9 against the Minnesota Twins, Pepi hit one in the ninth inning of a tie game—and it hit the foul pole for a home run. Yankees won 3-2.

Under Keane, in so many key spots a Yankee line drive went into a fielder's hands. For Houk during those first three weeks, the opposition obligingly kicked easy plays and delivered 17 unearned runs to the Yankees. Invariably errors were followed by opportune hits. On the other hand, after making 23 errors in 20 games under Keane, the Yankees made only six in the next 17 under Houk.

Of course, by early June the hot-streak response to Houk had worn off. The Yankees lost two out of three in Washington, made it a three-game losing streak in Chicago and had a generally unimpressive road trip.

Had Houk really made a difference then, or was it just a typo and a coincidence? The Yankees themselves are convinced the difference is real. The true test will be how many hot streaks they have from now on and how quickly losing streaks are cut off.

Can they still win a pennant? They do not see why not, and Houk will work hard at keeping that particular myopia intact. In any case, they believe to a man that they are too good a team to be in the second division or lose more than half their games. In their one great weakness—pitching—they have proved surprisingly good.

To themselves, then, the Yankees are pennant contenders, and whether or not the remainder of the baseball season bears out this view, that is what the change from Keane to Houk really did for them. It restored their belief in their own ability.

When taking over, Houk was needed into a joke. The real change, he was prompted into saying, was less replacing Keane as field manager than getting Houk out of the general manager's job, where he was not building a winner. It was a weak joke at a nervous moment.

But in one sense it is true: win or lose, the Yankees do have the right man in the right spot now.

END



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# 24 HOURS AT LE MANS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD KASPER

It is Europe's ~~fastest~~ most automobile race but, because of its myriad parts and exhausting length, it is more a happening than a neat sports competition. The 200,000 spectators who attend the 34th running this weekend will carry away visual memories much like the images on the following pages—bright, disconnected, a little blurred around the edges. It may start down a suicidal highway from Paris, and then the images crowd the corridors of the mind. A lighted Gothic cathedral with shining racers adjacent. Black asphalt and white stripes. People. Restless, milling people. A rush of cars, engines screaming sensually. Neoned midway rides spinning to harsh, insistent music. Take a nap. Drink wine. Embrace a girl. Eat some oysters. Smell the sausage. See the cars, now large, now tiny against the sky and woods. Nightfall. Daybreak. Wash your face in the windshield washer. Observe the finish. And motor slowly back to normality.





The images multiply: more people, gendarmes, a driver's earnest face, an hour's respite in town at a sidewalk café beyond the stark serenity of the old church. Return and walk toward collapse. Plenty of time to trudge across the pop art Dunlop bridge to see the cars from

the other side of the track. The big cars lap the smaller cars. And, apart from the first few places, nobody knows who is leading whom. The only people really at home now in the Department of the Sarthe are the drivers, who speed round and round, shifting up, shifting down.





## 'HERE TO SHOW THE WORLD'

Henry Ford II, whose cars are favored to win the first U.S. victory in the 24-hour Le Mans race, answers some questions about Ford's ambitions and motives

**Q.** What is the significance of Le Mans to Ford Motor Company? Why is success at Le Mans important to you?

**A.** Ford is an international company with branches all over the free world. The Le Mans event is one of the most important automobile races in the world. We feel that a good showing by our products at Le Mans will reflect favorably on us in the countries where we do business. We also consider Le Mans important because of its toughness—the test to which it puts cars as far as durability and all-round performance are concerned.

**Q.** Would you care to predict the outcome of the confrontation of Ford and Ferrari racing cars at Le Mans?

**A.** I think our chances this year are better than in the previous two years we've competed. We've learned something more each time we've been at Le Mans. Our people have put a lot of work into this year's effort, and we're on program with our testing and developmental work. Our cars are well prepared, and our drivers are among the best in the world. However, we'd be foolish to sell Ferrari—or any other serious competitor—short in an event of this duration and character.

**Q.** Enzo Ferrari has been quoted as saying he is being "steamrollered" in Le Mans-style racing by the wealth of Ford Motor Company. What is your reaction?

**A.** We're still newcomers to this type of racing. Taking on the highly established racing teams of Europe involves considerable expense. Also, we're trying to do in a very short period of time what these established teams have devoted many years to. We're simply doing what we think is necessary to try to establish the superiority of our products in a specific area of competition.

**Q.** It is often said that racing improves the performance and safety of passenger cars. How has it contributed to the Fords on the streets?

**A.** Participation in sports, stock and drag car racing has helped us develop better power plants, better steering, better suspension

systems, better brakes, better aerodynamics and better all-round handling and performance. (By the way, it has helped the rubber companies build safer, longer-lasting tires, too.) Many of these advances already have been incorporated into our passenger cars and trucks, and many more will be in coming years. We call our GT cars "laboratories on wheels." While in some cases it may take considerable time to translate our racing knowledge into production-line vehicles, we're convinced that what we're learning in our present GT program is helping us build better, safer and more efficient automobiles for general use.

**Q.** It is also said that racing inspires a company's engineers to greater creativity and, by giving employees a rooting interest in races, stimulates *esprit de corps*. What has been your experience?

**A.** This certainly has been the case with us. One of our main reasons for racing is that it provides our engineers with an unusual challenge and incentive. As to *esprit de corps*, the effect of a victory is immediately apparent among our management, our employees, our dealers—and, I'm happy to say, our customers.

**Q.** When you attend races as a spectator, what do you hope to see?

**A.** Aside from a Ford victory, I hope to see interesting competition. And I especially hope to see a safe race, without accidents.

**Q.** What is your outlook for the future in racing? Is it likely that Ford will be importantly involved in racing for an indefinite time? Or are there factors that may tend to influence you to curtail or cease racing?

**A.** We consider automobile racing an integral part of our development program. We have some of the finest test tracks and proving grounds in the world, but we still think of automobile racing as an important adjunct to our regular test program. While we may increase or decrease the emphasis in various areas of racing in any given year, we have no intention of abandoning our racing program in the foreseeable future. **END**

Always the people are as much  
Le Mans as the persistent  
cars. Crowded behind fences or  
sprawling amid litter, they  
stand, sit, sleep. In time their  
eyes acquire the stare of the  
blonde on the midway poster.  
Then the engines are still and the  
people gone, and Le Mans  
spins out of the headlines.



***NO FLY-BY-NIGHT OPERATION***



Though it rends the hearts of the bulldozer boys, the 800 residents of Stone Harbor, N.J. are proudly devoting a million dollars' worth of oceanfront to America's only municipal heronry **by BIL GILBERT**

**A**dam Smith or somebody like him once observed that the wants of man are insatiable. It now seems that in this communal day and age this theorem could be updated to include communities—hamlets and metropolises all have the galloping wants. A Pennsylvania town near which I live has been in a dither for a year trying to get a Neighbor-

hood Youth Corps project. Mayor Lindsay of New York wants 500 million dollars. Pine Mountain, Ga. wants the Masters Water Ski Championship. For years a place called Portage, Mich. has wanted a General Motors plant and an Upjohn pill factory. A village in Virginia has been badgering the United States of America persistently for a metal marker

which will indicate a Yankee general was bushwhacked there.

Communities crave things for the same reason that people do: they want to be wealthier, healthier, prettier, more famous or more notorious than their neighbors. Thus, Stone Harbor, N.J. wants, and has, a heronry—or at least enough of its 800 permanent residents

*continued*



STEVE SCHWAB

want one to make the proposition politically viable. Which is why since 1947 Stone Harbor has had a city-operated nest home and lying-in-thicket for 6,000 assorted herons.

Stone Harbor is a sedate seaside resort wedged between the hullabaloo of Atlantic City on the north and the honky-tonk of the Wildwoods on the south. Its heronry is no gimmick. The Stone Harbor Bird Sanctuary, the official name of the place, sits smack dab in the middle of the town, occupying 21 acres of prime cottage and campground real estate. Not a few people have complained that if the heron home were subdivided it would yield 150 building lots that could be sold for about a million dollars at going Jersey shore rates. That is a lot of clams, even for 6,000 herons.

Why the herons go where they do and why Stone Harbor keeps all these birds that never spend a nickel for saltwater taffy or pay a tax bill takes some explaining in terms of the avian and human ecology of south Jersey. Cape May, the scene of the heron caper, is a flat, fenny, spatula-shaped appendage of land that dangles between the Atlantic Ocean and Delaware Bay. At various times diverse creatures have established themselves on Cape May: Swedes, muskrats, smugglers, sand flies, bootleggers, white-tail deer, boardwalk operators, wood ticks and birds. Lots and lots of birds. Cape May is to bird watchers what St. Andrews is to golfers. Many of America's most prominent ornithologists cut their egg teeth at Cape May. Local bird clubs from all over the eastern U.S. count the year lost if they do not make at least one pilgrimage there.

The cape has been particularly famed for its wading birds—herons, egrets, ibis and their kin. The area offers miles of brackish swales in which these birds can practice their principal occupation—spearing small fish, frogs and an occasional meadow mouse. Furthermore, the barrier islands are covered with low scrubby trees that provide dry, secure sites in which the nesting herons can rear their young. But there have been two problems in heron heaven.

The first difficulty was that the birds ran afoul of the human instinct to decorate the person with dead animal matter—bones, teeth, hide, claws and feathers. During the courting season herons sprout long, gaudy plumes. In the Gay

Nineties these nuptial feathers caught the eye of nuptial-minded ladies, who could grow nothing so grand themselves. Responding to this envy, plume hunters began to swarm over the heronries to get feathers for our grandmothers to stick in their hats. Though the hunters were not ornithologists in the accepted sense of the word, they quickly made the astute observation that it is a lot easier to depilume a dead heron than a live one. The resulting slaughter continued for several decades. Eventually conservationists became enraged, and the battle against the plume hunter was the first big campaign of the Audubon Society. Styles finally changed. Mink heads, alligator scales and bits of leopard, kangaroo and raccoon became the fashionable animal matter. By the mid-1920s it was not only unlawful but uneconomical to hunt herons.

**R**elieved of the pressure on their tail feathers, the herons might have made a comeback, except that they again got at cross-purposes with civilization, this time with the desire of city people to take shore vacations and the determination of shore people to accommodate them at a price. Among those who paid the price were the herons of Cape May. Real-estate developers discovered that scrubby thickets and unimproved sand dunes were valuable. Outsiders would pay big money to lie in this sand, dig in it and track it into small cubicles called Seabreeze Luxury Apartments. Down came the sassafras, greenbrier, holly and oak. Up went the saltwater-taffy machines. Away went the herons.

Where a good many of the remaining herons went was to Stone Harbor, which occupies about three miles of a dune called Seven Mile Beach island, does not have an arcade or boardwalk and tolerates only the minimum of freed-clam shops. By resort standards, the houses in Stone Harbor are substantial and decently spaced. Even more remarkable, there is considerable open land left within the town. Most of the unused land is owned by the municipality. Every now and then the city fathers clear a dozen or so building lots and auction them off—one to a customer, no developers, thank you. This system puts some money in the town treasury and at the same time scotches the creation of a summer slum. Stone Harborters have care-

fully planned things this way and are proud of the results. The town has the reputation of being exclusive and expensive, and its slogan is "The Sense at Its Best." All of which sets the scene for America's only municipal heronry.

The Stone Harbor heron colony did not become a large one until late in the '30s, by which time the nesting thickets were being leveled elsewhere. Right behind the birds came the bird watchers, and by the end of World War II both populations had expanded considerably. Several thousand of the birds were rearing broods on the 25-acre tract between what the town arbitrarily called 11th and 117th streets, and at least as many ornithologists were brooding over the herons, uttering cries like, "This is the largest heronry north of Florida. It must be saved. This is their last stand."

While the herons stuck to their thickets, the bird watchers eventually flocked to a Stone Harbor town council meeting bearing a formidable petition signed not only by most of the Cape May birders, their friends and debtors, but also by many of America's most distinguished naturalists. The gist of the document was that now that Stone Harbor had herons, it had, like it or not, serious ornithological responsibilities to make the birds comfortable and secure. "Nobody was deliberately molesting the nesting colony," recalls Miss Sarah Thomas, who as the then president of the Wither Stone Club was the commander in chief of the pro-sanctuary forces. "We were just afraid the land would be nibbled away by development without anyone knowing what had been lost. We wanted to make it very clear what a remarkable, irreplaceable thing the Stone Harbor heronry was."

Miss Thomas is a good representative of a type—one is tempted to say of a species—that is as delightful as a roseate spoonbill and now, unfortunately, as nearly extinct as the whooping crane. These are the ladies of the class of 1900, first-generation professional women, strong-minded and poised. They were the first female physicians, college professors, paleontologists, social workers and politicians. A high percentage of them were amateur naturalists—not the Walt Disney, Yellowstone Park, cub-scout-exhibit, I-just-love-flowers variety, but real ones. Like Miss Thomas, they knew the swamps because they had waded in them, the mountains because they

*continued*



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*Mark's wife and daughter have business in Los Angeles too. But they won't be attending the 2-day conference on "Plastics and the Industrial Market." (In fact they'll be lucky if they see all of "Disneyland" in 2 days.)*

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His family is going to discover quite a bit of America on this business trip. And for very little money.

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Besides, he charged all three fares with United's new Personal Travel Credit Card. (You can get one, too.)

Next time you take a business trip, think about taking your family along.

Don't let the Mullen family have all the fun.

"If they cut the conference short, do they call it plastic surgery?"

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had climbed ridges lugging plant presses, and birds because they would get up at dawn to take a stand in a warbler thicket. They make formidable foes.

"I fail to see why it is impractical to work to get what you think is worth having—he it a heronry or a real-estate development," says Miss Thomas, a tiny woman now well into her 80s. "If we had been real-estate men it would have been practical for us to have opposed the sanctuary, but we weren't. We wanted the heronry and we did what we could in a practical way to get it."

Back in 1946 Miss Thomas and the other ornithologists got what they wanted in regard to the Stone Harbor heronry, and without much difficulty. They were numerous, organized and influential. The land on which the herons were nesting was not being used for anything else. After one meeting the Stone Harbor council passed an ordinance setting aside 26 acres for the birds. A few years later five acres were removed from the sanctuary. This did not disturb the herons or the birders, since the tract was a treeless dune that the birds did not use for nesting or feeding.

The operation of the sanctuary is now the responsibility of a five-man committee—two Stone Harbor council members and three birders. Since its establishment, neither the committee nor the town has had to expend much time or money on the heronry. A fence has been built around the nesting site, a parking area cleaned out at the western edge and two observation telescopes mounted there. A few years back a pair of red foxes was seen sneaking across the causeway from the mainland toward Stone Harbor. That same day a posse of Stone Harborites flushed the intruders out of the heronry, but this was more a civic outing than a task.

Except for such casual and occasional assistance, the herons have been left to their own devices within the sanctuary, and they have improved their position rapidly. American egrets, big, showy white birds once prized by the plume hunters—make up about a third of the population, followed by the little snowy egrets, green herons, little blue herons, Louisiana herons, glossy ibis, black-crowned and yellow-crowned night herons and cattle egrets. Though the sanctuary was not planned for their benefit, a variety of smaller brush-loving beasts—fish crows, cardinals, brown thrashers,

mockingbirds, redwings and cottontail rabbits—have moved into the area. On a summer morning there is a sense of fecundity about the place unmatched east of Levittown.

The only current biological problem in the sanctuary is that there is not enough sanctuary. The heron population has built up steadily and so has the competition for good nesting trees. Late arrivals or timid herons are now forced to nest on the ground, a very unusual practice for these birds. Under normal conditions the Stone Harbor sanctuary would not support as large a breeding population as it does. Weaker birds, younger ones, Thoreau-minded birds, would move off to establish less congested colonies. However, with Stone Harbor being the only game in town for the herons, they have no choice but to crowd their nests closer and closer together, and ornithologists fear that eventually parasites, epidemics and the psychological reaction to the stresses of overcrowding will drastically reduce the breeding population.

A current ecological project of the Stone Harbor Bird Sanctuary Committee, planting young Japanese pines as future nesting sites, is aimed at relieving the overcrowding. However, this is a slow and uncertain business. "A couple of those big nests will break down a bush or sapling in a season," admits Harry Letsche, a retired soup-company

executive from Pittsburgh, who for the past five years has been not only the chairman of the committee but chief guard and public-relations man for the herons. "Yes, except for the planting, there is not much we can do. We are not going to hang out a no-vacancy sign. They'll just have to work it out for themselves."

Which is exactly what the herons, egrets, ibis and other smaller species are doing. Barring an occasional night heron that may winter in Stone Harbor, the first birds return to the sanctuary late in March. In April, dressed in nuptial plumage and full of desire, they construct new nesting platforms or refurbish old ones. In May and June eggs are followed by young herons, downy stomachs supporting gaping gullets.

The Stone Harbor birds are neither shy nor secretive, carrying on their domestic affairs unconcerned in full view of anyone who cares to stroll down Third Avenue. While the young are being fed there is a perpetual air cover of adult birds coming in to settle laboriously on the nests, then wing away toward the mainland marshes for another load of frogs and fish. All the while the adults and young are sounding off throughout the sanctuary, making a low "whunk, whunk" call. For some reason, the sound of 6,000 herons whunking away on a June morning is soothing, perhaps more so than would be 6,000 hermit thrushes.

continued



STONE HARBOR ATTRACTS 6,000 HERONS AND 60,000 HERON WATCHERS A YEAR

who individually are, as herons are not, elegant vocalists.

Landing, taking off from the bushes and teetering on nest rims, the big herons and egrets are vaguely comical and awkward but, once airborne, long necks doubled back, legs extended, four-foot wings rowing rhythmically, they are magnificent. From late July until October, when they migrate, is the time to see them at their best in the air. During this period, with most of the young feathered, the whole colony rises at dawn and wings off toward the mainland feeding grounds. At sunset the process is reversed, as the birds return from the western marshes to roost. Six thousand long-necked flyers coming in with the disappearing sun behind them is a sight well worth seeing for anyone who likes herons, or for anyone who can like anything.

Meanwhile, bird watchers have multiplied at the Stone Harbor sanctuary even more rapidly than herons. Last year, 80,000 visitors from 47 states and 40 countries, or about 13 watchers for each bird, showed up in Stone Harbor. Occasionally visiting ornithologists display overpopulation stress symptoms—a bit of aggressiveness for parking space, competitive peckishness over who shall use the telescopes when—but by and large they are as orderly as, well, as a colony of herons. Also the birders, in terms of the sanctuary operation, are self-sufficient. During the last full season 16,217 birds were pushed into the mounted telescopes, which more than paid for the maintenance cost of the sanctuary.

This self-sufficiency is important, for though the sanctuary was established without much of a battle, there are anti-heronry pressures in Stone Harbor. As inevitably as real-estate prices have increased to the point where a graded lot in Stone Harbor is now worth \$10,000, these pressures will one day come to a head.

Among Stone Harbor's permanent residents there are almost no heron haters, but this does not mean they are all heron lovers. "Yes, there's a bird sanctuary here," says the manager of a Stone Harbor lunch counter. "A while back, I don't know exactly when, these people who like birds brought in all those herons and storks. I don't know where they got them or how they keep them, but people come from all over to see them. It sort of puts us on the map.

I've never been out to see them myself, but I've driven past and they are nice. It's too bad they can't find someplace else to keep them, though. They're on expensive land."

And that is the heart of the heron controversy. The herons are admittedly a feather in the cap of Stone Harbor, but the question is how much is such a civic adornment worth.

"It's not simply the price of the land, what the town would get from auctioning it off. It's the income from the people who might live there," says Bill Lange, a brisk young accountant who is now in his second term as mayor of Stone Harbor. Though he admits he can take his herons or leave them alone, Lange is a pro-sanctuary man. "There could be 150 or so homesites on the sanctuary property," says Lange. "There are a lot of people in this town whose business depends on building homes, repairing them and selling services to the summer people. They see the sanctuary depriving them of potential income. You don't have to agree with them, but you can understand their point of view."

The point—that creatures living in resort bungalows spend more money than those living in heron nests—is understandable. What is, at first, less understandable is why most non-bird-watching Stone Harborites are so reluctant to make this point in public. Unlike most conservation struggles, in this case it is the antis who seem to be the embattled, intimidated underground. After demanding several terrible vows of anonymity as to occupation, residence and even sex, one Stone Harbor native was willing to say, "Look, I make my living doing things for people like Mr. and Mrs. Lettsche and the summer folks. They all think those birds are the greatest thing since Coca-Cola. If I start talking about doing something practical with that land the birds are squatting on, those people are going to be down on me like a ton of bricks. There's a lot in this town feel like I do, but it's not good business to say so—no better business than letting the birds have a million-dollar chunk of land for free."

Another, no more eager to be identified than a CIA man, says, "Sure the heronry brings in 80,000 visitors, but I bet they don't spend \$800. They come in early, bring their own lunches, watch all day and go off somewhere at night

to sleep in a tent they bought from Sears, Roebuck."

But so far the heron folk are more than holding their own. "People get used to things after a while," says Harry Lettsche. "There are a lot of people who aren't interested in birds but who are sort of proud of the publicity the sanctuary brings to Stone Harbor. And what you might call the balance of power is shifting. There's 18,000 summer people now. They don't vote, but what they want has to be taken into consideration, and what most of them want is the heronry." And so does the Federal Government, in fact. As of next week the National Park Service is formally designating the sanctuary as a Registered National Landmark, which will further hush anti-heron talk.

Surprisingly, it is Mayor Lange, the local politician and businessman, who stresses the intangible rather than direct benefits of the sanctuary and who is determined to keep it. "Nobody can say how much money the herons bring in," he admits. "But that doesn't seem to be the point to me. In terms of attractiveness, livability, just sort of general class, the heronry adds something important to our community. I'd like to see that land set aside permanently as open space. If the herons ever leave it, it should still be kept open. It's a hard thing to explain, but having that land is good for Stone Harbor. It sets us apart."

The final word, fittingly, goes to Miss Sarah Thomas. "Esthetics," she says. "The only reason to have the sanctuary, watch birds, try to conserve any natural thing or place is for the esthetic value. I have enjoyed those herons for many years, but I am neither so old nor so foolish as to argue that if those herons or all the herons in New Jersey were wiped out tomorrow people would suffer materially. The frogs wouldn't take over the state, the economy wouldn't smash. But just because they don't affect us materially doesn't mean it is impractical to keep them. They serve a very practical function. There must be heronries and swamps and woods and streams and mountains and beaches, because it is at these places at certain times that people can know great beauty. This is a practical thing, something we all need. If we cannot afford such places and such moments, then we are dreadfully poor." The only municipal heronry in America seems safe for yet a while. **END**



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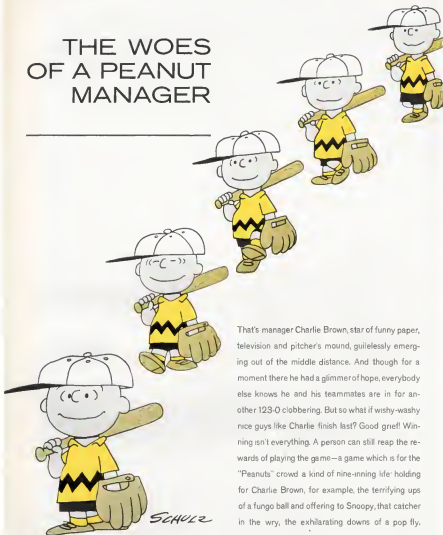
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Rock bands? Arlene Hill and her three children carry on ecological pursuits in foothills east of Albuquerque.

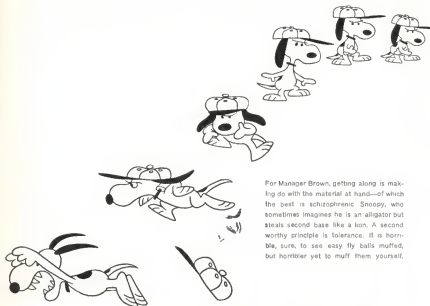
# THE WOES OF A PEANUT MANAGER

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That's manager Charlie Brown, star of funny paper, television and pitcher's mound, guilelessly emerging out of the middle distance. And though for a moment there he had a glimmer of hope, everybody else knows he and his teammates are in for another 123-0 clobbering. But so what if wishy-washy nice guys like Charlie finish last? Good grief! Winning isn't everything. A person can still reap the rewards of playing the game—a game which is for the "Peanuts" crowd a kind of nine-inning life: holding for Charlie Brown, for example, the terrifying ups of a fungo ball and offering to Snoopy, that catcher in the wry, the exhilarating downs of a pop fly.





For Manager Brown, getting along is making do with the material at hand—of which the best is schizophrenic Snoopy, who sometimes imagines he is an alligator but steals second base like a lion. A second worthy principle is tolerance. It is horrible, sure, to see easy fly balls muffed, but horribler yet to muff them yourself.

Security is having a good infield behind you, Charlie said once, and while Lulus is a deft glove man, he is uncommonly slow





A good manager must accept criticism, and Charlie has ample opportunity to display this virtue—thanks to Lucy.





"Humor which does not say anything is worthless humor," Charles Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts," has written, and to some extent the humor in the strip is a reflection of Schulz's boyhood in Minnesota. "I would never be able to sleep the night before a big game," he says, and what else could be keeping Charlie Brown on the edge of his bed? Things did not go very well this day, it is true, but tomorrow—who can tell about that? "I once pitched a no-hit, no-run game," says Schulz, savoring that childhood memory, and if that could happen in the real life of the creator, is it asking too much that it someday happen in the life of the creation?

Artwork from Charles Brown's All-Stars a  
Lee Needlepoint-Bell Mailender production



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## PEOPLE

"Short fishing excursions in which I have sought relief from the wearing labors and perplexities of official duties have been denounced in a mendacious newspaper as dishonest devices to conceal scandalous revelry," the President penned hotly, but who cares? Such "petty forms of persecution [are] nothing more serious than goat stings suffered on the banks of a stream." Other engagingly caustic remarks, together with some cooler advice on hooking a bass or popping a rabbit, are the substance of *Grover Cleveland's Fishing and Shooting Sketches*, a little book out of print for 60 years, which is one of 12 antique sports books to be published, beginning in September, by the new Abercrombie & Fitch Library.

Talk about your ruddy pluck. Out a mere \$19,305 for finishing second in the Indianapolis 500, there was **Jim Clark** larking with a toy tractor (below) while **Graham Hill**, who finished first, came from behind to supply a push. The game goes on developed at a welcome-home champagne surprise party at Hill's house near London. "I reckon that there has been some clever under-the-cuff planning with Jim

as chief instigator," said Hill, hardly knowing what to say. Ah, well, "It was another British son—that's all that matters," said Clark, the Scot, and faintly, ever so faintly, one seemed to hear the strains of *Ride Britannia*.

The nationwide fame he picked up playing end for Cornell in the late '30s gave him a leg up in life, all right, said two-time All-America **Jerome (Bud) Holland**, one of the first Negroes so recognized, "but the lessons I learned in football—the discipline, the organization of time, the coming back from defeat—those things helped me more." Well, sure, said a reporter in Buffalo, but considering Dr. Holland's sure and former speed, if he were graduating this June he would be worth at least \$100,000 to the pros. That being the case, said the president of Virginia's Hampton Institute, it was a shame he couldn't do it all over again. "But only for a couple of years, and then on to graduate school," he said. "I mean I think I'd do the same thing the same way but only with a little more money in the bank."

Off to the post in the near future goes Mr. Blackeye, a 2-year-old colt named by his mistress, **Lana Turner**, "because he has beautiful black eyes." The horse is the Sweater Girl's first excursion into Thoroughbred racing (the El Too Stable), and all hope he proves to be a stretch runner. Mr. Blackeye is scheduled to race first at Hollywood Park. The coincidence there, Lana points out, is that the president of the track, **Mervyn Le Roy**, is the same man, don't forget, who in 1937 produced and directed Miss Turner's first picture, *They Won't Forget*.

It was the morning after the long Memorial Day weekend, and hard, lean **James Wadsworth Symington**, LBJ's new chief of protocol, was about to open a meeting with his aides—the majority of whom were ruefully acknowledging the aches, sprains and bites they had accumulated

during the three-day romp with their families. Jim Symington, a thrice-weekly tennis player and a onetime (Yale, 1949) lightweight boxing champion who hasn't put on a pound since he left the U.S. Marines 20 years ago, turned an unmythical ear to the men. "You guys," he said, "belong to the Pepto-Bismol generation."

In Houston to open a new domed (what else?) theater-in-the-round, **Edward Everett Horton**, with 12 weeks of summer stock facing him, claimed tennis kept him up to snuff. "Of course," said the 79-year-old actor, "I only play with the best—the tennis pros. They're the only ones who'll play my rules, the ball must be hit to me wherever I am—at the net, off the court or where I'm sitting down."

Given his druthers, Italian President **Giuseppe Saragat** would elect to angle for trout in a fast-moving *risotto* in the Italian Alps or at the presidential estate set amidst pine woods near Pisa. But as a longtime Democratic Socialist, Saragat's hectic politics have pitted him first against the Fascists and now against the Communists, and he learned

years ago to stretch leisure where he finds it—as upon the fantail of a minesweeper (below) while paying a state visit to Denmark. Sadly, fog obscured the posing scene of the shoreline, the fish did not take the president's bait—and a rightist weekly back in Rome poked fun at the whole adventure, pairing the picture with one of Umberto, Italy's last king, as a tot in a sailor's costume. Said the caption: "Italy is always at sea."

Things have changed for **Lamar Lundy** since he struggled up out of the ghetto of Richmond, Ind.'s northside and became defensive co-captain of the Los Angeles Rams. For example, home in Indiana last week for a community-sponsored "Lundy Monday," Lamar had lunch at a country club on the swanky southside, was paraded along the downtown streets and was named honorary mayor of the city. And, though it was perhaps the minimum view, a banquet speaker that night saw a connection between the shotgun ambush of James Meredith in Hernando, Miss., and the festivities in Richmond: "For every dastardly deed done," he supposed, "there is a good one done somewhere else."







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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

## The maple leaf forever

The Devoti, Pa. horse show, largest in the East, was almost unmanageably bigger than ever this year, with 1,299 horses and ponies entered in the eight-day affair, and no exhibitor had a bigger or better show than Mrs. Victoria Armstrong of Brampton, Ont. Her ponies trotted off with 16 blues, three championships and two reserves.

These awards were won in very good company. As Trainer Bill Robinson pointed out, there may be more entries at, say, Springfield, Ill. where it usually rains ponies, but there will not be better quality shown anywhere. A lot of the Devon quality came from Canada. Canadians like to show at Devon because it is one of the few events in the U.S. that offers classes for Hackney horses; so they come with their horses, and they bring their ponies, too. Mrs. Armstrong showed horses for many years, also, but now keeps only ponies. Her husband and his brother breed and race trotters, their stable rating among the best in the Standardbred field. Ambro Flight was last year's world-champion filly trotter and Canadian Horse of the Year and finished second in the Hambletonian. This year Governor Ambro is one of the early Hambletonian favorites.

Mrs. Armstrong's operation is on a somewhat smaller scale. She has 18 ponies, including broodmares, and generally prefers to buy good young prospects. Her Politician, who was the champion Hackney pony stallion at Devon, was purchased last summer at Springfield. Although Politician was tied out of the ribbons in that show, there was something Robinson liked about him, and Mrs. Armstrong agreed. The pony has never been out of the money since. Another, Fashion's Miss Alice, winner of three events at Devon, was discovered about a mile from home in Brampton. She competed only 11 times in 1965 as a

*continued*



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3-year-old and won 11 blues. Mrs. Armstrong, a handsome graying grandmother now, has been showing for over 20 years, but she leaves most of the driving these days to Robinson or her eldest daughter, Mrs. Helen Southgate.

For those who love a horse in harness, Devon this year offered a class of quite a different type—a private driving marathon. Vehicles generally seen only in the illustrations for Victorian novels were on display, including basket phaetons, an English road coach, a 1-fetch governess cart, a slot-sided game cart and a unicorn hitch to a gentleman's shooting brake. Judging from the number of rigs that turned out (there were 16, one carrying Morgan Horse Breeder and Actor James Cagney as a guest), driving is enjoying a healthy revival.

While directors of the American Horse Shows Association were converging on Devon for one of their meetings, an insurgent group was also assembling there. Calling themselves the Committee for the Improvement of the AHSA, these people are requesting drastic changes in the Association's constitution so that exhibitors will have more voice in horse show affairs. They include William C. Buchanan, Mrs. Jean L.A. du Pont, Elkins Wetherill (president of the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington Stock Exchange) and Richard E. McDewitt. Obviously this is no wild bunch of rebels, but some of the AHSA directors reacted as if they were being chased by anarchists with splintering bombs. AHSA President Albert E. Hart Jr. noted that there were existing channels for handling complaints and suggestions, but the feeling among the insurgents is that those channels are fairly well-choked with moss and red tape, and I agree.

The Committee's proposals to the Association were mild enough. One asked that directors be elected for varying terms, as in any large organization; another that the annual financial report be published in *Horse Show*, the AHSA magazine. Finally, the committee suggested that all proposed rule changes be published at least 90 days before the annual meeting so exhibitors would know what was on the slate for discussion.

The AHSA should take seriously all these proposals. When communication between management and exhibitor breaks down the result is often the kind of chaos that disgraced the Devon show itself two years ago.

END



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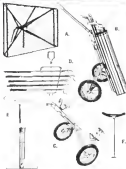


Pasha C



Olympian I





- | Club Name      | Address                | City       | State | Zip   | Phone          | Year | Coach      | Manager    | League     | Division   | Level   | Age | Gender | Season | Score | Notes     |
|----------------|------------------------|------------|-------|-------|----------------|------|------------|------------|------------|------------|---------|-----|--------|--------|-------|-----------|
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The 1994 study did not find a link with smoking.

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*A man to lead the pros out  
of the darkness*

Under the direction of Wally Dill, the players' tour is becoming bigger, better organized and, most important of all, more lucrative.

**A**t 9:05 last Wednesday night at Forest Hills all the lights blew out, and there was pro tennis—at the very start of its 1966 tour—lost in the dark. A cruel voice cried out of the wilderness: "Forget it, you guys." But tennis pros are hardy folks, long used to adversity, anonymity and apathy, and so at 9:17, when the lights were repaired—half of them, anyway—the players went gamely back into action, staggering about in the semicircles. Two nights later a cloudburst postponed play.

It was an inauspicious start to what promises to be the best year pro tennis has ever known. Indeed, the pros finally are organized, ready to rake in the big money the way golf has. Ed Carter, the former Professional Golfers' Association tour director, did not put up (and lose most of) \$85,000 to run the Forest Hills

torment out of benevolent animosity. He was looking ahead. The matches were played under the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System (VASSS) because it is more accommodating to television. Carter has a pilot film shot of the trials—won, as usual, by one Australian, Rod Laver, over another Australian, Ken Rosewall—and tennis, in living bridal white, should soon be headed for sponsors and a 13-week series. Check your program listings.

The pros are selling themselves live, too. They have their longest U.S. schedule in history with eight cross-country stops. Four of the tournaments will be VASSS round robins. Prize money will top \$150,000. Foresta H'lls offered \$10,500, a record for one tournament, but Carrier already has an option on a \$40,000 indoor show next winter.

*Chlorophyll*



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## TENNIS continued

Much of the credit for the burgeoning schedule belongs to Wally Dill, a 34-year-old blond-haired, earnest type who was hired by the pros to be, essentially, their commissioner. You've got to have a commissioner nowadays. It is Dill's job to convince promoters like Carter, or industry or chambers of commerce that a pro tennis tournament is a good investment.

"Pro tennis is at the same stage golf was at a decade ago," Dill says. (As a matter of fact, just about everybody in pro tennis says this.) On his own, he adds: "The first time I met with all the players I told them I didn't see why we couldn't be making half a million in purses in a few years. They all just laughed and giggled—like, 'Buddy, you sure don't know pro tennis.' But the money's there, all right. It was just that no one had ever gone after it before. You know how organized these guys were? It was as if you and I got together with a couple other fellows and went up to the YMCA to play skins-and-shirts basketball, and we called ourselves an organization. Good Lord, they didn't even have liability insurance."

Dill is holding on to one of his two insurance agencies (presumably the one that handles liability), and he is keeping the golfers he promotes (Dave Marr, Billy Casper, Gene Littler), but he has a long, eight-year contract with the tennis pros, so he is obviously digging in for the duration. It must have encouraged Dill and made Ed Carter smile proudly to know that a week before the greatest tennis players in the world competed for \$30,500, Bert Yarney won \$20,000 all by himself. And who, pray, is Bert Yarney? No, not the old gunslinger. No, Percy Kilbride played Pa Kettle, Bert Yarney is a golf pro. During Carter's 1956-61 PGA reign, purses more than doubled, and he cut out appearance money for the select few big names. "No star can be bigger than the game," Carter says. "When the game is bigger than the names in it, you'll attract more players, more stars." That's, the Bert Yarneys.

To attract its stars, pro tennis must gain the glamour, exposure and money that other sports have. It also must convince the amateurs that they're better off getting money over the table. That is not so easy. The pros were able to pick up a middling French amateur, Pierre Barthes, for a \$60,000 three-year

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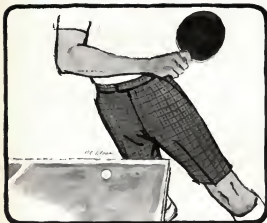
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TENNIS *continued*

guarantee, but what the pros really need are American players. It appears that Dennis Ralston may throw in with them next month after Wimbledon. A bigger and better influx may come in about three years when Charley Pasarelli, Cliff Richey and Arthur Ashe—particularly Arthur Ashe—presumably will have won enough titles and Davis Cups to be top pro attractions. As it is now, Pancho Gonzalez is the only U.S. star, and he is 38 and making retirement announcements with increasing regularity.

At Forest Hills, Gonzalez, the ghost of tennis past, railed at the lights, VASSS, the more distant (by three feet) service line, Wally Dill and all other attempts at improvement. He also suffered the indignity of losing to little Luis Ayala the day after selling Ayala: "Luis, I could beat you even if I had to play behind the fence." However, even with a 3-2 record, Gonzalez survived to the final four, along with the ranking Aussies and Spaniard Andres Gamenon. The old campaigner struggled courageously in this finalist round robin, but he is too old to sustain top play.

Dill does not count on Gonzalez to play anymore this year, so the tour will have to make it on its own—with more foreign performers than any enterprise since the Lipizzan horses crossed the sea. Gonzalez himself cannot understand why tennis—even though it has stagnated for years while other sports have blossomed—is desecrating itself with such gadgetry as VASSS, three-foot service lines and night play. (Some other players and a good many fans evidently agree. Crowds throughout the Forest Hills tournament were sparse, totaling only 21,000 by charitable count, compared with the 36,000 who in March paid to see the same group play downtown at Madison Square Garden, where the lights are guaranteed and no rain falls.)

On the way to Forest Hills one day, Ed Carter pointed out a newspaper article about Gonzalez' views. Gonzalez' closing quote read: "Just once I'd like to see a tournament run like the ones we had during the 20 years I was learning this game. Day matches, grass courts, regular rules." Carter smiled, like a man satisfied that he was spending \$95,000 on a good thing, someday. "If I were editing that, I'd add just three words of comment," Ed Carter said. "'And no fans.'" **END**

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# READY FOR THE

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# 'GOAL'

*There came a moment when Jim Ryan knew that Michel Jazy's mile record was not unapproachable and someday all middle-distance records might be his* BY JACK OLSEN



Turn back one page and take another look at the rapturously pooped young man gazing contentedly into his eyelids at the Kansas Relays. Someday that picture is likely to be viewed as a historical document, at least to one dedicated horde of appreciators: the track buffs. It shows one of the finest athletes in the world at the precise instant when he realized that the goal of his lifetime was attainable, and not after eight or 10 more years of torturous training, but soon. Maybe even this year. At the age of 19.

The young man is Jim Ryun of Kansas (see *cover*), and his goal of a lifetime may surprise you. While other milers have taken aim at Michel Jazy's world record of 3:53.6, Ryun's goal lies well beyond the Frenchman's mark. Ryun is out to fracture the next psychological barrier: the 3:50 mile, usually known as "the mythical 3:50 mile" (just as the four-minute mile, now run by everybody except your laundryman, used to be called "the mythical four-minute mile"). If the taciturn young Kansan succeeds, he will have taken the next step toward the mythical 3:30 mile, posited by Dr. Roger Bannister as the fastest possible for the human machine as it is at present constructed. If such an ambition sounds presumptuous, then Jim Ryun is presumptuous, though out around the University of Kansas (or KU, as it is familiarly called) they will tell you that if freshman Jim Ryun is presumptuous, then Truman Capote is modest, Paul Hornung is ascetic and James Meredith is yellow.

Said a spectator at the Kansas Relays earlier this year: "That mile race almost changed Jim's personality. It was like a test of his body, a test of himself. It was the first time in ages he had been able to rest before a race. He tapered off on Monday of the week before and did practically nothing till the race. There was no competition or pressure in the mile and still he ran 3:55.8, which was the fastest in the world this year, and when the race was over he wasn't exhausted or sick, the way he had been at other races; he wasn't exhausted at all.

"The minute he heard his time he did one of the most un-Ryunlike things you ever saw. He began to grin from ear to ear. He was walking down the track with this smile on his face, and he was

like a kid trying to quench it, hold it back and he just couldn't. He'd be looking up into the sky with his eyes shut and a big smile. And I found out later what he was thinking. He was thinking that he understood what he could really do this year. He said, 'You know, I feel there's gonna be some very fine times this year,' which, if you know Ryun, is a really wild thing for him to say."

"Ryun hates any talk of records or goals," says his coach, a stubby fireplug of a man named Bob Timmons. "He regards his goals as very private things." Mainly this is because Jim Ryun is by nature the most self-effacing of men. Says his father, Gerald Ryun, a tool-maker at the Boeing plant in Wichita, Kans.: "If we were sitting around here talking, and his mother or I mentioned one of his records, he'd wait till you left and then he'd scold us for bringing it up." When Ryun was 17 he came in third in a mile race in California and clipped four seconds off the fastest time ever clocked by a high school boy. When somebody asked him later how he had done, he said, "Only third." Pressed for his time, he said politely, "It was no big deal. Third is third." Another time he ran the best mile and half-mile double in high school history, losing in both events to college runners. Timmons asked him: "What did you tell your folks?" Said Ryun, "That I lost."

The man who is a cinch to break the world mile record and a good bet to break the 3:50 barrier has been described as "a stork in shorts" by students of ornithology and "a kid with a perfect build for the mile" by former Kansas star Wes Santee. At 19, Jim Ryun has not yet fully developed his body, and one has to beat down a temptation to address him as "Skinny," although he is filling out rapidly. Tall and ungainly at 6 feet 2 and 160 pounds, he does almost everything slowly. "Off the track he'd make Stepin Fetchit look like greased lightning," says Coach Timmons, and a friend adds: "If Jim moved any slower he'd have to be reclassified as a statue." Watching him shuffle across the grass on the KU athletic field, you wonder if you shouldn't help the old gentleman.

Ryun has protruding ears and short black hair parted far to the left and big hazel eyes and a white-toothed grin that

would disarm a Gorkha. He picks up a high coloring from the sun, and this is accentuated by a pigmentation problem that keeps him from tanning on places like the elbows, knees and knuckles, so that he winds up each summer looking like someone who has been mottled in an Easter egg contest. Notwithstanding all this, he is a strikingly handsome young man, all the more so because he appears totally oblivious of his own personal magnetism, and indeed spends a goodly part of his time running himself down. He is square across the shoulders but not overly wide, and he has the usual concave stomach. His arms are scrawny, as befits a middle-distance runner, and when you look at his legs you fail to see the expected Western Electric cascade of muscles, ligaments and protruding veins that serve on most runners to show how close to the limit they have strained their bodies.

James Ronald Ryun has a long way to reach his limit. He is 10 years ahead and only a tenth of a second behind mile record holder Jazy, and still a growing boy. His potential is bewildering. The most pedestrian prognosticators around him reckon that someday soon he will hold all the middle-distance records and bring new luster to the potato race and the three-legged race at church picnics in Wichita.

The fact that such a nonpareil runner should come out of Kansas will come as no surprise to students of track and sociology. Kansans are, for the most part, a calm and relaxed people, going about their business without the nervousness and downright panic of the big-city folk to their east and west, and it is easy to mistake this low-pressure mode of life for rusticity and vapidness: the old Kansas caricature of the mid-70s, when galloping conservatism and choking dust almost put the state out of business. But underneath its placid exterior Kansas has a stiff backbone. "We produce wheat, salt, airplanes, cows and molars," says a proud native son, "and we don't talk about something till we've done it."

Ryun's home city, Wichita, does not mind describing itself as "a big old country town" despite its huge Boeing plant and its thriving private-plane industry, but when CBS Correspondent Hughes Rudd recently characterized it as one of the two dulllest places in the world, Wichitans were ready to fight. "I don't know

about that Evian-les-Bains, the other place he mentioned," said Don Granger, a Wichita newspaperman, "but anybody who thinks Wichita is dull just hasn't been going to the right places at night."

The "right places at night" were never an attraction to the pious Gerald Ryun family of Edgemoor Street in a lower-middle-class neighborhood of the proud town, and they never will be, but in many other ways Jim Ryun's native Wichita and his native Kansas are reflected in the athlete. Quiet and modest in his exterior, almost too soft and easygoing in his relationships with others, he, too, has a stiff backbone, an almost superhuman capacity to push through pain toward his goals. "The name of the game is pain," says his old friend J. D. Edmiston, a high school track coach, "and Jim can take it with the best of them."

As a young boy, Ryun almost died of peritonitis; at a time when his appendix was about to burst, he was telling his mother that he had a slight stomachache, and only when the appendix had ruptured did he admit that perhaps they should see a doctor, who operated with minutes to spare. A few days after a herniorrhaphy, Ryun begged his mother to drive him to school. He was not able to walk the three blocks, but if she would drive him, he said, he would manage to get himself from class to class and, most important, to the sidelines of the Little League baseball game, which was the passion of his life in the pre-teens.

When track had replaced baseball in

his affection, a few years later, young Ryun plunged into the sport with the same enthusiasm and indifference to suffering. "It gets down to the real reason Kansas has always produced great milers," says Ted O'Leary, a student of track in general and Ryun in particular. "You can become a great miler if you're willing to suffer, and the weather in Kansas gives a young athlete more opportunity to suffer than almost anyplace I know. When Ryun was 14 and 15 years old he was running through ice and blizzards and 100° heat and slush and everything imaginable. Now you can compare that with, say, a California kid. The California kid wakes up in the morning and if there's a little fog outside he says, 'Ah, it'll be real nice tomorrow and I'll work out then.' The Kansas kid wakes up and there's a cold rain falling outside his window and he says, 'I better get the hell out and run this morning because tomorrow it's gonna be skating and snowing.'"

Ryun got the hell out and ran. Indeed, he ran so indefatigably as a sophomore at Wichita East High School that some wondered whence came the motivation that could make a spindly adolescent stagger out of bed at 4.30 in the morning and deliver a paper route and run six miles before breakfast, and then repeat the same routine after school before supper. Everybody knew why Kansas Miler Glenn Cunningham had been willing to suffer such pain; he had been rebuilding his body after third-degree burns in a fire. And Kansas Olympic Miler Archie

San Romani Sr. was motivated by the fact that he had almost lost a leg when a truck ran him down in childhood. And another great Kansas metric miler, Ray Watson, had his hand amputated after a shotgun accident in junior high school. It was not necessary to have a physical handicap to become a star miler, but something about the agony of physical torment stiffened a man to endure the agony of training for the middle distances. There was no question that the relationship, however vague, did exist.

Ryun's great leap forward into distance running came shortly after he discovered a physical problem of his own. "Some time in junior high school we began to notice that he was asking us to repeat a lot," says his mother, Wilma, a vivacious and attractive lady who works in girls' clothing at Sears, Roebuck to augment the family income. "And I said to him, 'Well, why don't you pay attention to me when I talk to you?' And then one day the school called and said they thought they should give him some lip-reading lessons. Later the doctors told us that he'd suffered inner-ear damage from a virus or a high fever or something like that, and there was nothing that could be done about it. Not hearing aids or operations. But he's made a good adjustment, and he'll fool you and not let you know if he thinks he can get by with it. Except you might wonder why he keeps saying, 'What did you say?' I guess a lot of people wonder, 'What's wrong with that kid? Can't he hear?' "

"You'll be talking to him and he'll say, 'Pardon me? Pardon me?' " says Coach Timmons. "One time I said to him, 'Jim, I wish you'd do something about your hearing; maybe you ought to have a hearing aid or something.' I said, 'Jim, I'm saying this because there've been times among newspaper people when you haven't come up with the right answer because you didn't hear the question.' He got pretty disturbed with me. I don't know whether it was me or the idea that he'd have something in his ear or that he didn't like the thought of any of it. No, he didn't rant and rave at me, he's not that type, but I could see the idea didn't set right with him."

By exploiting the same concentration that won him competitive events on the track and scholastic honors in high school and a B average in college, Ryun has been able to overcome the problem

*continued*

## FROM FRANCE, A PREDICTION OF GREATER THINGS

*Michel Jazy, the present world mile record holder, offers his sincere appraisal of Ryun*

If Jim Ryun breaks my mile record I may try to win it back. But for the moment at least I am concentrating on the 1,500 meters, Herb Elliott's record. That's the one I want. I am currently training very hard, but I have no plans to run a mile. I wasn't surprised to read that Jim Ryun had come within a tenth of a second of my time. I thought, in fact, that he would beat it. Track records are set to be broken, aren't they? One day sooner or later all records fall. Especially in a period like ours, extraordinary things can be expected on the track.

I would like very much to run against Jim Ryun. The question is, of course, where and when. I will be participating

in Budapest in September in the European championships. But perhaps Ryun will come to Europe this summer with the American track team. Maybe then a race could be arranged.

I first saw Ryun in the Olympics. I mean in training. I saw him a second time in the Soviet Union on television in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. games. I can't say that I was particularly impressed on those two occasions, but since then, reading about Ryun in the press, I have realized that he is extremely talented. He can certainly do better than he did in Compton. Will he take the mile record away from me? He certainly should. I hope he does do it. I say that sincerely.

of hearing loss. "If I'm not paying attention or I'm tired," he says, "I have some trouble, but I'm not as deaf as people think."

Says a close friend: "Sometimes I wonder if there's a hearing loss at all. He can look right at you and not hear you, but then some little thing that you don't want him to hear, he'll hear perfectly. I think what he has is selective hearing."

But if a partial deafness served to propel Ryun into middle-distance running, it has sometimes hampered him on the track. For one thing, he seldom hears split times shouted to him, and this makes it difficult for him to pace himself properly. This was less of a problem when there were adequate pacemakers available, but as Ryun edges closer to the speed of light it has become more and more necessary for him to boss his races, to go to the front and set his own pace. "I'm not very good at pacing myself," he admits, "and so it's important for me to hear my splits."

On at least one occasion Ryun almost lost a race because of his hearing problem. Well ahead of the pack in the mile at Modesto last year, he never heard the footsteps of San Jose State's John Garrison, who made a run and almost caught Ryun at the tape (both were timed in 3:58.1). As time goes on, such closing spurs will become less of a threat to Ryun. In his best mile to date, the 3:53.7 at Compton two weeks ago, there simply was no one able to spurt at him; he won the race by 20 yards over Jim Grelle, who posted a fine 3:56.0 himself and was soundly thrashed. Some felt Ryun missed his chance for a world record when he looked over his shoulder in the stretch, perhaps to see what he feared he was not hearing.

The more serious threats to young Ryun's glittering future lie in subtle areas: the areas of overwork and boredom, track politics and expediences. Already he has been harassed to solve dozens of problems for KU and his coaches and various meet promoters and civic leaders. "Jim understands right now that he's gonna be used for the rest of his life," says a friend. "And it's only been lately that he decided to stand up and fight about it." Says Coach Timmons, who belatedly understood Ryun's rebellious frame of mind: "It's been a very trying season. He's had to run a quality effort week after week. There's great pressure for him to show up everywhere.

Now he wants to take some time off this summer, and I'm all for it."

For Ryun the overwork began in high school, under the same Coach Timmons, and the results were the first sub-four-minute mile ever run by a high-schooler and a college athletic scholarship for a happy Jim Ryun. "Timmons sets up the toughest training program of anybody in the country, both for himself and for his boys," says one observer, "but don't get the idea that he was being cruel to Ryun. A tough training program is exactly what the kid wanted in high school. It's only now that he's got to college that he's begun to discover there are other things in life besides running."

Says his mother: "You see, James didn't run into track, he dove into it. In the ninth grade he couldn't make the team and his coach said he'd never make a runner, and the next year he came in second in his first high school mile and won every high school mile he was in after that. But I was always concerned he was going to hurt himself physically. I thought he would ruin his health. When he'd come home at night he'd be sick and too tired to eat his dinner. He'd throw up after every race. He'd go to bed without eating his food right after night."

Says his father: "At first he'd always try too hard, before he had enough strength. He had vision, I guess, but his body wasn't trained and he'd tear off and pull ligaments. His body wasn't ready, and he had to suffer to get ready."

Early in his sophomore year Ryun was told by Coach Timmons that he stood every chance of becoming the first high school boy in history to break the four-minute mile. Timmons worked on a goal program, with each athlete setting a seasonal goal and upgrading the goals as they were reached. The measure of Timmons' own vision and Ryun's own dedication is the fact that the boy ran 3:59 in the first mile race in which his specific goal was to break four minutes. To accomplish this feat as a high school junior Ryun had to make training a year-round proposition, and there were a few times when he grew discouraged.

"Once in his junior year he came to me and I could tell he was down in the dumps," Timmons says. "It was the off season, and he'd been out running in the dark, in the snow and ice and rain, all by himself. There weren't any other runners out day after day like that, and it hurt him. And I could see that he was be-

ginning to wonder if it was worth it. And I told him, 'Jim, I'm not gonna fight you on this. If this goal—the four-minute mile—isn't worth enough to get out and work day after day, then just forget about it. Nobody should browbeat you into achieving anything, as great as the goal may be. And if you don't want to do it, well, forget about it altogether. But I don't want you to come back at the end and tell me that if I had made you work you could have made it.'"

Predictably, Timmons found himself charged with overworking the boy, an accusation which makes all 5 feet 3½ inches of him bristle with indignation. "Yes, I've heard that I'm working Jim too hard," he says. "But, as coaches, I think what we all want is for each boy to achieve his maximum potential. That's our job. And it seems a little unfair that if a boy is highly talented you should have to apologize because you've done this. You wind up apologizing for the quality of his performance, and I find it a little hard to do. It's like some kids'll say, 'Why shouldn't so-and-so make straight A's, he studies every night!' Or they'll say, 'Why shouldn't he be a good piano player; he practices four hours a day!' That's absurd."

It is impossible to understand the training rigors to which Ryun was subjected without understanding Timmons, the coach who started him off at Wichita East High School and continues with him as head track coach at KU. One hears all sorts of stories about Timmons, that he is running for election as U.S. Olympic track coach, that he is trying to command the highest salary in track coaching, that he is power mad, etc., etc. None of the stories are true or even partially true. As J.D. Edmiston, Timmons' successor at Wichita East, puts it: "Bob Timmons is one of those coaches who do it for the love of the sport and not for the money. He lives it. This is his life. Where other coaches like me are in it both for the love of the sport and to make a dollar, too, Bob'll coach for nothing, and he has, in the past, in track and swimming clubs around Wichita."

Says Gary Barr, a shotputter on Timmons' squad at KU: "The guys resist his training program, because it's too tough. I resist it, too. But secretly a lot of us admire him and his system. I resist him, but the thing I like is he lets me resist him. Some coaches wouldn't,



I don't think he's ever lost his temper. He puts on that smile of his and the worse things get the more he smiles."

Says another member of the team "Bob Timmons is that old-fashioned word, dedicated. He's no driven man, no Sammy Glick or Willy Loman. He's the *Boy Scout Handbook* with all the commonsense taken out. He just plain cares about the guys, and if he drives us hard, if he cuts the blood out of us, why, he cuts the blood out of himself, too. You go by that field house any night at 11 and you'll see the light on in his office. He's a hell of a little guy."

The graduating seniors at Wichita East wrote in 1964: "To put into words all of our feelings about him would be rougher than running 40 quarters, for we who have worked under him have learned to admire, respect and love him." As for the veneration in which Timmons and his goal system are held by others, he recently spent 15 minutes on the telephone detailing a three-week training program to the father of a high school senior with ambitions in the mile. The father was Glenn Cunningham.

But neither Timmons, for all his skills, nor Ryun, for all his ability, was able to cope fully with the demands of 1966, the first full year (for both of them) at KU. When the U.S. Track and Field Federation scheduled an indoor mile in New York, pressure was applied to bring Ryun east for the race. When a special freshman mile was created for the Big Eight indoor meet in Kansas City, nothing would suffice but Ryun's presence. He was so much in demand at the Emporia State College relays that he ran in three events ("And Jim is a guy who doesn't like to double and absolutely hates to triple," says a friend). Ryun was showing up everywhere; he and Timmons were both like the girl who couldn't say no. Timmons was reacting to pressure from the university and elsewhere; Ryun was reacting to pressure from Timmons.

The worst scene of all was at the Texas Relays in Austin. If ever there was a track meet that Ryun should have passed up, it was the Texas Relays. His training schedule for the previous week (and neither Ryun nor Timmons ever had deviated from a training schedule) called for him to run more miles than the Orient Express, and by the time he traveled to Texas he was in a state of near exhaustion.

None of this kept the promoters, and the newspapermen trumpeting the anticipated glories of the meet, from grandly predicting "the first four-minute mile in Texas history," and trying to fill the stadium on the basis of Jim Ryun. There was another pressure on Ryun and Timmons, too: some of the Texas colleges had been making noises about skipping the Kansas Relays this year, and Ryun's attendance at Austin would help put them in a better frame of mind about Kansas. Off Ryun went, on a mission that was more political than athletic.

In the stadium at Austin, to his deep embarrassment, Ryun was introduced to the crowd by a P.A. announcer who requested a standing ovation. Then Ryun went out and won the race in 4:03.9. When the time was announced, the crowd boomed. A newspaper headlined the next day: **DISAPPOINTING MEL: RYUN WINS RACE BUT DRAWS JEERS.** The article was in the same vein. "The standing ovation was uncalled for," wrote the newspaper. "The ears of the 18-year-old miler may have been burning Saturday night en route back to Lawrence, Kansas, on the round-trip airplane ticket provided by the Texas Relays people." And a sports editor lamented publicly: "He owed it to the 16,000 people to put on a better mile than he did. . . . For two weeks everyone had pumped up this special mile as one in which Ryun would haul down Wes Santee's record of 4:00.5. . . . If he accepts the responsibility of coming down here, knowing what the people want to see, then he must accept the criticism. . . . He let them down." Ryun slunk out of town thoroughly ashamed of a performance that hardly anyone else at the world, under similar conditions, could have duplicated.

Timmons quickly stepped in and tried to shoulder the blame. "At KU we point for a few cents at the end of the season," the coach said. "And that's what people don't understand. So if they want to blame anyone, they can blame me. We took all the strength out of Jim in his workouts. Under his program, he won't be able to run a great race till he gets down to the very end of the track season, because he's working out twice

a day till then; he's running tired."

But no amount of explanation by Timmons or anyone else could calm the anguished Ryun. Although his public position is that journalistic criticism does not bother him, the truth is that Ryun, in his introspective way, suffers deeply when he is accused of juking it. His reaction to the Texas criticism was to talk about quitting track, quitting KU, giving up everything that he and Timmons had worked for. Says an insider at the university, "It could have wrecked the whole thing: the first 3:50 mile, Jazy's record, everything."

As a result of Ryun's dissatisfaction, he and Timmons had a long talk. The minutes of the meeting have never been published, and doubtless never will be, but the results were apparent immediately. Ryun was withdrawn from several Mickey Mouse track meets. A month-long summer vacation, with no workouts at all, was penciled into his schedule, the first such layoff since he had gone out for cross-country as a gawky 15-year-old in high school. And, best of all, he was allowed to taper off

continued



*Dissatisfied Kansas Coach Bob Timmons plots a workout schedule with his young protégé.*



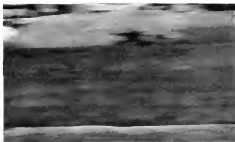
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### Shell guide to Le Mans

Place: Le Mans, France

Time and Date: Race starts 4 p.m. (French time), Saturday, June 18, ends 4 p.m., Sunday, June 19.

Winner: Car that has covered greatest distance at end of 24 hours

Length of course: 8.3 miles (one lap). Winning car usually travels about 3,000 miles.

Number of cars entered in race: Approximately 55.

Brand of motor oil used: Free choice. (Ford, Chaparral Chevrolet and Ferrari choose Shell.)

Favorites in 1966: Ford, Chaparral Chevrolet, Ferrari.



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what the season.



JIM RYUN *continued*

his training during the week before the Kansas Relays, and thus was able to run the relatively effortless 3:55.8 that opened his eyes to the possibilities of the future.

"The problem is solved," said a member of the KU establishment. "Now Timmons and Ryun understand each other better. They understand that they can't please everybody, that their ultimate aim for Jim will be accomplished if they pass up a few minor events. We're resting easy around here now."

Timmons did not see the future in such totally roseate terms, although he clung to the feeling he has had for years: that Jim Ryun is potentially the greatest middle-distance runner in history. "I just worry that he'll get the idea he's arrived," Timmons said in a final, brutally frank discussion about his protégé. "When the day comes that he thinks he's arrived, he'll be finished. If he doesn't continue to improve, then people are gonna cut him to ribbons. And that's one reason I think it's better for him to give up some of the things college kids do. If he has all the social life that some youngsters have, if he has all the academic life that some of the others have, and if he's got a girl friend and he's got a car and he's doing all these things that some college kids do—this is fine, but he won't be a champion runner! So he has to sacrifice, just the same way that the guy who makes straight A's has to sacrifice. He lived a Spartan life by his own decision. I don't threaten him or force him. I feel that he ought to become the best miler in the world, but it doesn't matter how we outsiders feel. It's all up to Jim. He does the work; he gets the credit, and he should make the decisions about himself. He has to decide if he wants to go to the top of the world himself."

As usual, Jim Ryun was keeping his mouth shut. But only a few days after Coach Timmons delivered his summing-up of the future, Ryun ran away from everybody in the mile at Compton and finished a near-record performance with plenty of gas in his tank. A week later, in Terre Haute, he almost casually broke the world half-mile record. Plainly, the retching, gasping Ryun of the past was gone, and in his place was a mature young athlete, a child become a man, the next look in middle-distance runners—lean, relaxed and ready to go to the top of the world.

END

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

They said it couldn't and wouldn't be done again, but the NEW YORK (3-3) Yankees and KANSAS CITY (3-3) Athletics worked out their 19th trade in 11 years. The Yankees sent Pitchers Bill Stafford and Gil Blanco and Outfielder Roger Repoz to the A's in exchange for Pitcher Fred Talbot ("He battles all the way," said K.C. Manager Al Dark) and Catcher Bill Bryan. The pitching problem had become acute when New York put Whitey Ford on the 15-day disabled list, but after Fritz Peterson won twice and Hal Resnik improved his string of scoreless relief innings to 19, Manager Ralph Houk announced that "the Yankees will win the pennant if we get to the .500 mark by the All-Star Game." Joe Pepitone helped Houk's prognostication by hitting five home runs during the week. The Athletics have their own success story in the bullpen. Beginning on May 23, Jack Aker appeared in nine games, pitched 20½ innings, allowed no runs and gave up just seven hits. BALTIMORE (6-2) Manager Hank Bauer was disappointed with the performance of his pitching: five complete games in the last 30. Before Personnel Director Harry Dalton was able to trade Jerry Adair for Eddie Fisher (and the pennant?), Bauer was asked if there was anything he could do to improve the situation. Replied Hank, "Punt." The Orioles, on key hits by Carmelo Carreon, a 14th-inning double that defeated the Senators on June 8, and a two-run homer by Russ Snyder the next night, took over first place temporarily. Deep in a .225 slump since May 14, BOSTON (1-5) First Baseman George Scott thought it best to phone "Mama" long distance "to regain my confidence." After the call Scotty went 2 for 4 and hit a home run to break out of his slide, but Red Sox pitchers were still hav-

ing trouble—Billy Herman used 19 in six games. Winner of nine of 11, DETROIT (5-2) continued to get excellent pitching. Mickey Lolich interrupted a two-week tour of active duty with the Michigan Air National Guard to return to Detroit to pitch against the Red Sox; he received credit for the win on a combined three-hitter with Larry Sherry and Johnny Podres. Hank Aguirre pitched his first complete game of the season but developed a blister on his pitching hand. Manager Bob Swift told him to soak it "in dill-pickle brine." CALIFORNIA (3-3) surpassed last year's total home attendance in the first 30 home dates. Norm Siebern, fifth in the league in batting, hit a pinch-hit single in the eighth inning to drive in the winning run against the White Sox and then scored the winning run the next night as George Brunel won a two-hitter. Even though CHICAGO (1-5) lost five straight after winning nine of 11, Manager Eddie Stanky said he wasn't going to let anything bother him or his players, because "handling a ball club is like handling a child." A three-week-old feud flared again when Chicago's Tommie Agee slid hard into Twin Second Baseman Bernie Allen and both teams ran onto the field. Stanky said, "I've never seen so many cry babies in all my life." MINNESOTA (5-1) Manager Sam Mele tried to laugh off the whole thing. The Twins showed their power when they hit five home runs in one inning against Kansas City to tie the major league record and set a new American League standard. Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND (4-1) started his first game since May 25, winning for the first time in more than a month. Sonny Siebert (*below*) pitched a no-hitter for his fifth win. Dick Radatz continued his improved relief work and the Indians regained first place. Rocky Colavito was dropped from his usual fourth

spot to sixth in the Indian lineup. WASHINGTON (1-7) won the first of a 19-game stretch against the top three teams in the league and then lost the next seven.

Standings: Clev 34-18, Balt 36-39, Det 33-21, Minn 26-26, Cal 27-28, Chi 25-27, NY 24-28, KC 15-31, Wash 23-33, Bos 28-35

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHICAGO (2-3) Manager Leo Durocher was so enraged at Astro Owner Roy Hofheinz after being made the butt of a cartoon that appeared on the cover of an Astrodome program that he talked of taking Hofheinz to court. Some of his anger was appeased when Ernie Banks broke out of a prolonged batting slump with a seven-game hitting streak (12 for 29) and Dick Ellsworth pitched a decisive 8-1 win over the Dodgers, his first victory in exactly one month. Pennant winners last year on speed and pitching, LOS ANGELES (3-2) has added power hitting to its repertoire. The Dodgers, who had only 78 home runs all last season, hit 45 in their first 56 games. Sandy Koufax and Phil Regan won against the Giants, and Wes Parker rode a nine-game hitting streak (14 hits, among them five home runs) as the Bums moved into first place. The annual June Swoon hit SAN FRANCISCO (2-5) as the Giants dropped seven of nine and fell out of the lead for the first time in five weeks. After losing a three-game series to the Braves, in which NEW YORK (3-4) scored 16 runs but gave up 26, the Mets came back to win three out of four from the Reds. In his first major league start since his return from Jacksonville, rookie Dick Rustuck pitched a four-hit shutout, and Dennis Ribant followed the next night with a five-hit shutout. New York was stopped one strike short of three straight shutouts when CINCINNATI (2-5) rallied for two runs to tie the game in

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Mention Sonny Siebert to the Angels or the Twins and they'll run for their bats. Mention him to the Senators and they'll just run. In his last two starts, Sonny Siebert had given up 11 earned runs and 12 hits (including four home runs). His ERA (3.41) was on its way up, and his spirit was quickly dropping. Even Sonny's wife, Carol, was beginning to make his life miserable. She needed him so hard that on the night of June 10, when he was to pitch against the Senators, all Sonny could say to quest her was, "If you get off my back, I might pitch a no-hitter." To the surprise of everyone, including himself, he kept his promise and pitched the no-hitter. "I expected to see a no-hit game

this season," he said later, "but I figured Sam McDowell would be pitching it." Only two men reached base, one on a fifth-inning walk and the other on an eighth-inning error. The big play of the game came in the eighth when Don Lock of the Senators hit a sharp line drive that appeared to be headed for left field. Cleveland Third Baseman Max Alvis leaped high into the air and caught the ball for the out. Washington went down in order in the ninth, and Siebert became the first Indian pitcher since 1951—when Bob Feller stopped Detroit—to pitch a no-hitter. Least impressed of the 10,446 who saw the game was Siebert's 3½-year-old son, Scott. After Bob Savarene fled to Chuck Hinton for the final out, Scott turned to his mother and asked for another hot dog.



INDIANS' SONNY SIEBERT



# An artificial thaw for big-league baseball

After an autumn snowfall the men and boys of a Canadian hamlet had to improvise when an All-Star team turned up. The snow was burned off, and the game became a bright winter memory by DAVID FOLSTER

Although I have been a baseball fan for more than 20 years, missing, I think, nothing of significance from Little League to big league during this time, the memory that remains the strongest and the fondest is of an event that took place back near the very beginning of my fandom, and, strangely enough, it took place after the baseball season was over.

It was the late '40s in Grand Falls, N.B. The season had been a good one, for the first time since the war we had a home-town team. It was entirely comprised of returned veterans, and the citizenry, including my fellow 11-year-olds and me, had responded by turning out for their Sunday games in numbers that seemed to exceed the population. We had, in fact, become a baseball-mad community.

But now it was early October, and in northern New Brunswick that means the end of the baseball season, because the air carries a palpable chill and snow may be as close as the next cloud. So the team had retired for the year and, our area being without football, the rest of us had settled in for a winter of hockey and vicious baseball.

Then suddenly a rumor that had been circulating since mid-September took tangible form. There was a bloom of posters in store windows along the main street announcing in shouting bold print the nearly unbelievable news that Birdie Cobbins' major league All-Stars were coming to play an exhibition.

Now, if you grew up in a small town, were nuts on baseball and at age 11 had not seen even one professional ballplayer in person, much less an entire team, you will have to agree that here was the singular event of our lives. The signs had listed some of the players coming: George (Snuffy) Starness, Joe Coleman, Eddie Pelligrino, Frank Shea, Ray Scarborough, Earl Torgeson, Tony Lu-

ppen, Vern Stephens—and after stopping to reread the list at practically every store on the way from school each day, we would spend hours envisioning their presence in our ball park. The anticipation was delicious.

It was, however, diluted a little by worry about the weather. Gray-lined snow clouds were overhead each day, and we knew only a drop in temperature would be required to open them up like burst pillows. All we could do was pray.

Our civic pride, meanwhile, was running undeterred, fed by all of us, 11-year-olds to adults. Small-towners are never hard put to find pride in their town anyway, but a visit by big-league ballplayers—well, that was something you could really talk big about. So we constantly bragged to each other, subtly, of course. For example:

"S'pose there'll be lots down from Edmonton for the big game."

"Yeah, I imagine. And I hear four busloads are comin' up from Fredericton."

The implication was clear. The larger towns in the St. John Valley were being bypassed. Our little town, population about 3,000, was a chosen place.

Two days before the scheduled game it snowed.

It was the kind of snow that in the dead of winter makes gleeful children out of skiers, two inches of light fluff that is glorious on the well-baked ski slope but bloody hell on the baseball diamond. Our hearts sank.

But then the next day the sun came out, and our hopes shot up again. By nightfall all that remained were a small lake at shortstop and some collections of corn snow along the fences, and surely a couple of hours of sunshine the following morning would take care of that.

And so when the great day dawned an atmosphere of rich festivity pervaded

the town. A public hall-holiday had been declared. Even the schools were closing at noon so the kids could see the game from benches set up for them in right field.

In my mind the first order of business was to get autographs, and my father drove me to the town's only hotel, where the players were encamped. When we pulled up in front of it, they were on the porch, wisecracking, whistling at girls, trying *habanero* French and chewing mountainous chunks of tobacco.

Our car was a Canadian make, and it immediately incited curiosity among the American ballplayers. One huge fellow, absolutely the biggest I'd ever seen, came over for a close look. He circled the car and then poked his head in the window on my side to ask a question. And then, on invitation from my father, he got in and sat down to inspect the interior.

I was struck numb, voiceless. My friends would never believe it—I big-league ballplayer was sitting in our car. I wanted to say something to him, anything, for no other reason than to get an answer so that I could brag to my friends. What prestige there would be in telling them not only that a big-league ballplayer sat in our car but also that a big-league ballplayer spoke to me!

But my mind was jelled, and all I could muster was a feeble "by" when he finally withdrew. Sure that life would never again present an opportunity of such magnitude, I was disgusted with myself and near tears.

In a few moments, though, I shored up my courage sufficiently to go after autographs, and I got them—all, that is, except one. Some of my friends had an additional signature, a ballplayer they weren't sure they had heard of before. But he was a ballplayer—his autograph was right there on their scorecards. And then somebody recognized the name. It

—continued—

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## Big League *continued*

belonged not to a ballplayer but to a truck driver who'd seen no reason to deny the autograph-seekers simply because all he knew about baseball was that it was played at Veteran's Field. That was the kind of day it was.

Two hours before the game the sun still had not come out, and Lake Shortstop remained. A narrow trench had been hoed to the outfield grass, but this had only broadened the basin. The problem was growing in gravity.

Then home-town ingenuity leaped into the breach. A pickup truck carrying sawdust appeared, and workers quickly shoveled it onto the sodden area. Next they soaked the area with gasoline and, moving away, one of them tossed a lighted match onto it. A sheet of flame went up, its tip licking 40 feet, and heavy black smoke rolled out. It was a sensational spectacle, the best I had seen since the box of Labor Day fireworks had exploded in the same area a few years earlier. When the fire subsided, the grass back of shortstop was blackened in a 10-foot semicircle. But the water was gone. Play ball.

And play they did. We marveled when Tony Lupien stroked a ball much farther than we had ever seen one hit into right field. We roared when one of our home-town batters swung at a fat pitch and connected with a snowball. We mixed laughter with admiration when another hit sharply to third and the catcher easily outran him to first to take the put-out throw. And we roared again when our best batter came to the plate and the entire infield and outfield lay down.

The next day, at the invitation of town officials, the pros repeated the performance before a crowd as large as the first. And then they were gone.

There was, however, a final reminder of their visit. A few days before Christmas that year a package arrived from the U.S. for Red Ouellette, our home-team bat boy.

Opening it, Red found a big-league catcher's mitt, a gift from Earl Torgeson, who explained that from now on, when 8-year-old Red warmed up the pitcher between innings while the catcher was restrapping his pads, he could do it with his own mitt.

Red, of course, was delighted, but so were all of us. The fact that a big-league player remembered somebody in our town fanned our pride again and kept it burning the rest of the winter. **END**



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National League	Runs scored	Teammates batted on*	Total runs produced
AARON, AR (214)	45	31	76
WALT, SF (115)	40	18	58
WHITE, PHA (250)	29	26	55
RYAN, BRU (242)	30	24	54
FLOOD, SF (137)	21	32	53
WATZ, SF (219)	30	23	53
ALDO, ATL (202)	20	35	50
CLERENTE, PH (220)	26	23	49
SHARPE, PH (131)	27	21	48
PARKER, LA (257)	31	17	48

American League	Runs scored	Teammates batted on*	Total runs produced
B. ROBINSON, DET (290)	35	37	72
OLIVA, MIN (329)	25	23	48
F. ROBINSON, BAL (331)	42	16	58
YASUTAKE, BOS (278)	30	27	57
AGEE, CH (242)	28	16	44
CASH, DET (272)	23	30	53
BLAIR, BAL (254)	23	18	41
REICHARDT, LA (200)	22	17	39
KNISG, LA (214)	25	18	43
APARICIO, BAL (250)	26	12	38

\*derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs

the ninth and went on to win in the 10th. Sammy Ellis, a 22-game winner last season, continued to have trouble, losing his fourth in 11 decisions. Manager Don Heffner said Ellis was "throwing the ball well." Ellis agreed: "Every pitcher makes a few mistakes." ATLANTA (4-2) had lost six straight, and there was talk that Manager Bobby Bragan was going to be fired. Bragan decided to rearrange the Braves's defensive alignment; he switched Catcher Joe Torre to first, brought up Minor Leaguer Felix Millan to play second and put Dennis Menke, a shortstop by trade, at third. Behind the plate went Outfielder Rico Carty, who once caught for Yakima in the Northwest League. The result was a seven-game winning streak. PITTSBURGH (3-3) Outfielder Roberto Clemente hit two homers over the 457-foot center-field fence in a down-and-up week for the Pirates. Delando Cepeda of ST. LOUIS (4-2) was kept out of the lineup after he was hit in the face with a line drive in batting practice; the Cardinals had to put together a batting order that had hit only nine home runs all season. But sharp-hitting Curt Flood (25 hits in 50 at bats over one stretch) moved toward the top of the batting heap. Pitching continued to help HOUSTON (4-2) as Mike Cuellar won his fourth and Dave Gault his eighth. PHILADELPHIA (4-3) was still getting strong hitting from Richie Allen, but the week's surprise star was Utility Player Cookie Rojas. Rojas, who played eight positions last season and was named to the All-Star team, was hitting .517 (15 for 29) on the home stand.

Standings: LA 16 27, SF 15 21, PH 12-23, PHA 24 14, NY 20 26, CH 15 29, CH 21-32, CH 22 30, NY 20 30, CH 17 37



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## VIEW FROM THE STANDS

Sirs,

Bob Ottum is right. Indy must mend its rules (A Cruz), Mixed-Up 500, June 6). The starting rows should be two abreast, and the starting field itself should be cut.

With two machines alongside each other, there would be more room when everyone goes going-ho into the first turn, and with fewer cars traveling at nearly equal speeds, the race would be competitive.

BIOB PATE

Monroe, N.Y.

Sirs,

I'm not against the race per se. If 30 or so men want to get together and see who can be the first to prove it's impossible to negotiate a curve at 170 mph, it's O.K. with me. But it does seem a little pointless, since the guys who discover this fact are carried off the track with a sheet over their faces and never get a chance to pass on this valuable information to the rest of the field.

The competition is unrealistic at the Indianapolis 500. Half the field is made up of fine sportsmen and excellent race drivers who are very large on common sense, and the other half are a bunch of fender-flappers. I am not vastly buoyed to know that some guy can step off the sack-crate and get behind the wheel of a machine that can go 200 mph and no one stops to ask how many frames he has sprung in the last three years. And what's worse, no one seems to care. Certainly not the fellow who pays good money to lean over the infield rail and stand the deathwatch. He and the guy who kicks in stained-glass windows, I'm convinced, are one and the same.

Yes, Indy must mend its rules, and it should begin by not selling tickets to this weird pagan performance.

JEANNE MEHAN

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sirs,

It was a long race, and definitely showed the need for more precautions to insure the safety of its participants. For one thing, you can never realize how racist and hellish some people are until you see them carelessly, and in some cases deliberately, littering the track with papers and plastic bags and throwing beer bottles over the heads of the crowd to the foot of the fence. I know; I was hit on the back of my head by one. All of these things, plus a few more, add to the sometimes perilous conditions these drivers have to endure. I, for one, wonder what these specimens' homes look like. Is this just a release of stupid energy?

CAROL BINSKY

Grand Rapids

Sirs,

Your letter from the *Puncher* in the May 30 issue was definitely the finest article I have ever read concerning the sport of automobile racing and the Indianapolis 500 in particular. It is too bad, but it seems as though the only time much of the public ever hears about a race is when there is a tragedy involved. I am an avid racing fan, and it is heartwarming indeed to see the stand SI takes on this issue.

PAT RAYMOND E. FAULKNER, USA  
U.S. Armed Forces, Germany

## LONG HITCH

Sirs,

Janet Graham's article, *Rule of Thumb for the Open Road* (June 6), brings back fond memories of my "thumbing" tour of Europe in 1960. How often I read such a concise yet correct description of the travelers with whom I associated for seven months. I personally used a number of the techniques described by Miss Graham and feel certain I observed most of the others.

For most of us who have used the *auo oyo* mode of transportation, it has been more than an inexpensive means of travel. It is an opportunity to learn history, language, geography, foreign culture and customs—an education in itself. My advice to those who have never thumbd is try it, it's great!

CHUCK MILLER

San Carlos, Calif.

Sirs,

As a college senior who has hitchhiked all over the United States, and who loves the adventure of the sport, I found Janet Graham's article great fun to read. Miss Graham mentioned several hitching facts in her article, one being an 873-mile trip in Britain covered in 39 hours. A friend of mine and I once left Springfield, Ohio—half an hour after putting his girl friend on a bus headed for her home in Sarasota, Fla. We hitched the 1,200 miles in 33 hours and arrived at the girl's house just as the bus was leaving her off.

MURIEL MASONOV

Oxford, Ohio

Sirs,

I covered better than 7,000 kilometers during my 10 weeks in northern and central Europe and encountered many of the obstacles as well as the enjoyments which Miss Graham relates. Although her credentials as a hitchhiker are obvious, I believe there are a few things deserving mention that she doesn't bring up. One is that in Europe most traffic stops at night. I have also done over 10,000 miles in America, and my experience has been that I could go for 24 hours a day

until I reached my destination. Not so in Europe. The first time I tried it I ended up on a desolate road in central Sweden from 1 a.m. until 7 that morning, during which time all of four cars passed me, none of which stopped. After that I began looking for towns with youth hostels and endeavored to reach them by 9 p.m.

Adventure-minded European travelers would do well to consider hitchhiking as a means of travel. I found no better way to learn about the people of a given country or area.

ROBERT K. ENRIKSEN, JR.

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs,

"Those who wish to travel long distances on small purses should pack their knapsacks and try hitchhiking, a sport that requires nerve, ingenuity, endurance and an unshakable faith that the next ride is just around the corner." I suggest it also requires a knowledge of the various laws. In some states here in the U.S., hitchhiking is against the law. I absolutely go along with the warnings of J. Edgar Hoover on this subject. He has written articles in which he points out the many dangers of picking anyone up on the highway and the dire consequences suffered by many who did—that is, if they lived to tell about it. If I should be "just around the corner," I would not supply "the next ride."

BRIDGET CLANCY

Fulton, N.Y.

## OPEN AND SHUT

Sirs,

Your article on country-club pro George Thomas (A *Nailbait* on the Open, June 13) was very enjoyable, but you did not tell us how George's chances look for this year.

JAMES L. LEDYARD

West Grove, Pa.

● Unfortunately, George Thomas failed to qualify for this year's Open. One reason, for the second time in his life he took a 7 on a par-3 hole. —ED.

## DRY FLIES ARE ALL WET

Sirs,

After reading *The Trout Sleep Late* (May 16), it has occurred to me that Alma Katz very graciously condescends to tolerate the wet-fly man but, alas, does not even mention the nymph fisherman, presumably because the latter rates even lower on Mr. Katz's ethical totem pole.

Since 79°, to 80°, of the food that trout consume consists of underwater forms, it is difficult, at first glance, to understand just why the self-appointed arbiters of trout

continued

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## 19TH HOLE

fishing ethics—the "purists"—have chosen the dry fly as their sacred cow. Dry fly, wet fly or nymph, they are all imitations of insects at various stages of the life cycle. It may be of interest to compare certain aspects of dry-fly and nymph fishing.

1) The rise of a trout to a floating fly may be easily noted. However, since the submerged artificial nymph is not visible to the fisherman, the offer for it is far more difficult to detect, particularly in broken water.

2) The floating fly is fished with a dead drift. The nymph must be manipulated to simulate the normal movement of a natural nymph rising to the surface to shed the nymphal skin.

3) Tack photographs suggest that the fish sees only the hackle points and tail winks of the dry fly, the body appearing as an indistinct blur and the wings as mere shadows. Therefore any dry fly that approximates the size and general conformation of an adult fly on the water will generally do the job. The submerged nymph, however, is completely visible in all its detail to the fish in his own element, and a more "impression" will not serve.

The reason the dry fly rather than the nymph has become sacrosanct seems fairly obvious—it requires a lower degree of fly-tying and streamcraft and is therefore easier.

Gave me 10 days on the Teton to collect natural nymphs and make up representations of them. Then, fishing equal hours each day—half the time when natural adult insects are on the water and half when they are not—and I will undertake, with the nymph, to beat the respective tails off Mr. Kutz and his dry flies.

S. B. ROBINSON

ASIN, N.Y.

P.S. I feel perfectly safe in making the last statement. I will never have the time or means to visit the Teton to fish for trout.

## STRIKE

Sure:

We of the Professional Bowlers Association enjoyed Donn Lee's comments (19th Hole, May 30) about my article, *It's Rigger show Boogie* (May 16). His letter, however, contained an erroneous conclusion. Bowling does draw as a spectator sport.

Consider that in just seven years more than two million sports fans have paid to watch our professional bowling tournaments at spots of somewhat limited spectator facilities.

Consider also that some 12,000 fans paid the price of admission to watch the \$100,000 Firestone PBA Tournament of Champions in Akron late in March. More significant, an estimated 8,000 fans were turned away because the building could not accommodate more.

JORDAN R. ANEPORA

Akron

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